

FETTER'S SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1892.

No. 2.

THE FIDDLER OF LINNVILLE CAVE.

A LEGEND OF WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.



HE world has read with delight of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, yet none save a few in this mountain country, which far surpasses the region of the Rhine in natural beauty and fully rivals it in its romantic legends, have heard of THE FIDDLER OF LINNVILLE CAVE.

I had been a sojourner in the picturesque old town of Morganton but a few days—in good truth but a few hours—when I became impressed with the conviction that I was in a region as rich in legendary lore as its mountains, that rose on every side around me, were in ores of iron and gold and other precious minerals which have so much to do with the promotion of industry and the progress of civilization.

From the cupola of the hotel there was an extended prospect over this mountain country ; but the point to which my eyes were oftenest attracted was toward the Linnville, where the Table-rock and Hawks-bill stand as striking features of the landscape. Even at this time when I stood delighted with its beauty, the greater part of the country around it was a wilderness seldom visited by man. Thirty years previously there were vast tracts in this mountain land that had remained utterly unvisited, even by those few and scattered settlers whose humble cabins were but five or six miles away from this wild and broken wilderness. A fugitive and an outlaw might have made his home here and cleared and cultivated his fields secure that years might pass away before any human eye would note that a new habitation had been erected in the lonely recesses of the mountain wilds.

It was nearly fifty years ago that a solitary rider appeared,

making his way slowly along the crest of a mountain ridge in one of those wild and seldom-visited regions among the Linnville mountains of which we have spoken. He often paused and stared around him with that uncertainty as to the route he should pursue that often assails one in a wild and difficult spot where he is altogether a stranger, and where there are no landmarks by which he may direct his course. At last he found himself standing in a comparatively open space where the ridge suddenly terminated like a promontory, and on each side of him and in front was a steep, yet not precipitous, descent of many hundreds of feet, down which one could make his way only on foot with difficulty and labor.

Elisha Swift—for such was the name of the rider—paused with a look of dismay on his face. Far, very far below him, was the valley of the clear and swift-gliding Linnville, into which he wished to descend, but he knew enough of the mountain country around him to be aware that he might search for many days in vain before finding a spot where it was practicable for a rider to make his way down from the mountain into the valley which lay at its foot, only a few hundred feet beneath the spot where he sat with a disconcerted look on his face. His mission this pleasant September day was to hunt up and drive homeward some cattle that had strayed from his small herd.

Sitting on his one-eyed sorrel mare that stood patiently and lazily lashing her flanks with her tail he presented an air of quiet and repose that is not often found in equestrian statuary of the present day. Barefooted, tall and angular, with a home-made hat of rye-straw, much dilapidated, covering his head, and without coat or vest, he yet carried in his hand the rifle which the true mountaineer never lays aside when he betakes him to the forest. Elisha's face had a simple, honest expression, good-humored and free from guile.

Elisha had not remained gazing around him long, before some object caught his glance that caused him to start and to utter an exclamation of surprise. It was only a little column of smoke rising above the tree-tops far down in the valley. The air was so destitute of moisture and so cool and bracing that the column of smoke rose fully a hundred feet above the tree-tops before it began to spread out on the air and disappear. Following the column downward with his glance, Elisha found it issuing from a rough stone-built chimney that just came in sight through a break in the foliage, way down in the valley, hundreds of feet below the spot he occupied. He was startled quite as much as Crusoe when he found the track of a human foot on the shore of his island.

"Some scoundrel's gone and settled here!" muttered Elisha to himself, in considerable excitement. "He'll have to cl'ar out. Squire Betts Wilson has entered all this land and gives us privilege on the chestnuts to keep squatters away. That fellow, whoever he be, will have to 'git up and git,' or my name ain't Elisha Swift." And sliding off from the saddle and leading old Meg back from the rocky edge of the bluff, he "hitched" her—to use the Southern idiom—to a limb of an oak preparatory to investigating the new settlement made down in the valley.

It was a long, but, to a sure-footed man, not a dangerous descent; and taking his rifle in the hollow of his left arm, and clinging with his right hand to a limb here and there, he went down the long, steep slope with the sure step of a mountaineer accustomed to such rough ground, pausing now and then where an opening appeared through which he might more closely scan the surroundings of the hut which lay below. He had many a turn and winding to make before he reached it. When he first looked down upon the hut from the brow of the bluff it had seemed within a stone's cast; but it was only after many a weary step and the lapse of more than half an hour that he found himself down in the glen on a level with the hut, and separated from it by only a little hollow some two or three hundred feet across. It was not the new structure he imagined it must be. It had evidently stood there for some years, though it exhibited the marks of recent repair.

"Painted, too, like a town house!" thought Elisha, with some bitterness of feeling, as the log hut, newly washed over with pipe clay, showed freshly through the green vines that had clambered up and spread themselves over the walls. The sight of the whitewashed walls awoke in Elisha's mind some very natural thoughts about the pride of the occupants who could not content themselves with the hut without so vain-glorious a display. He did not wish to enter into communication with persons of whose character such traits were a true indication. He paused, and, for a moment, thought of returning without making any further investigation into the trespass on Squire Betts Wilson's land.

But though Elisha was averse to any dealings with men who spruced up their cabins in that glaring style, yet he was not the man to withdraw with so small a budget of information about the stranger. He moved forward to obtain a nearer view of the rear of the building, and then, cautiously and by a considerable circuit, keeping under cover of the undergrowth, made his way around to the front. Peeping out from his hiding place, under cover of a mass of vines that enveloped the body and top of a

dwarfed oak, he saw a neatly dressed little man of middle age, without a coat, sitting on the front porch. In his nankeen pantaloons, white figured vest, low-quartered shoes and starched shirt of spotless white, he looked as neat as a pin. He had a very prominent hooked nose, a thin face, a full beard, very sparse and of feeble growth, and a bitter smile that showed grimly on his prematurely wrinkled face. He had the face of one who seemed to have found life a bitter jest, but who grinned back at it defiantly, and was resolved to bear it like a captive at the stake.

That which particularly arrested the attention of Elisha was the monkey-like motions of the stranger, as, with his chin on his violin and his eye-lids half closed, he swung to the right and left, up and down, in time to his music, while his supple right arm, in a rollicking manner, kept the bow flying like lightning over the strings, as if he were possessed by some wild demon that seized upon him and compelled him to do its bidding.

Elisha could by no means be considered a connoisseur in musical matters. He was somewhat familiar with the congregational singing at Hepsibah under the leadership of old Parson Doolittle where the music all seemed to trickle in a scanty rill from the ends of the noses of those who took part in that performance. He had heard the lame mail carrier, Bill Collins, stop long enough at the mountain post-office to scrape out a tune on a three-stringed violin; but beyond such occasional performances his experience in musical matters could hardly be said to extend. But the skill of the stranger awakened a dormant and undeveloped sense in the soul of Elisha. His playing was really superb, and had in it just that touch of *diablerie* that captivates the imagination of the hearer. Elisha stood open-mouthed and with staring eyes, listening to the most inspiring music that ever delighted the ears of an unsophisticated mountaineer. It was far superior to the noisy mewlings of Hepsibah, even when Hepsibah was at its best.

"It makes me feel streaked and pided all over," said Elisha to himself, as the music suddenly came to an end; and the little fiddler, rising to his feet and unbuttoning his collar, strode in an antic manner up and down the floor of the porch, at the same time turning the screws of his instrument to relieve the strings from their tension. The fiddler then disappeared into the interior of his cabin, darting through the door like a bird escaping into his hiding place; but, after the lapse of a few minutes he reappeared, having laid aside his holiday apparel and put on a working-man's suit, coarse, threadbare and soiled with earth. On his shoulder he bore a mattock and a spade.

"Hah! that's music of another sort," said Elisha to himself. "Ef he can handle them half as well as he flirts his bow, he'll make the dirt fly. Wonder ef the little, crooked-nose cuss ain't goin' to cl'ar up a patch on Betts Wilson's land? It'll be a cl'ar trespass, but then the Squire will git some of his land cl'ared up without payin' a red cent, and he won't cry over that. I'll watch and see any way."



"WITH HIS CHIN ON HIS VIOLIN AND HIS EYES HALF CLOSED."

The fiddler left the hut, coming in a direction that would soon bring him to the spot where Elisha stood crouched behind the thick clump of vines; and he, having no wish that his presence should be discovered, and being determined to discover the intentions of the fiddler, began to move off silently through

the dense undergrowth, to conceal himself from observation. The course he was pursuing led him down a glen or wooded ravine toward the Linnville river, which flowed through the valley scarce two hundred yards away. He passed several transverse ravines, some of them several feet in depth, opening into the glen, that made his way all the more rough and uncertain.

More than once, as he crept along under the ivy and laurel, Elisha found where the pick and the spade had been busy in the glen. There were excavations running into its sides which showed that an active search had been made in the hope of discovering precious minerals. Into one of these, of some feet in depth, he came near stumbling, while, in his retreat, he glanced back to see if the gay and festive hermit were following upon his tracks.

When once the propensity to concealment and flight is yielded to, be it from what cause soever, it soon becomes an unreasoning and overmastering impulse. It is like a race adown some rapid slope, where, when a sufficient momentum has been acquired, one can not stay his course at his will. There was no reason why Elisha should have betaken himself to flight. There was no necessity that he should shun a meeting with this crooked nose fiddler whom he was now so sedulously seeking to avoid; but, for all that, he quickly darted aside into a thick growth of laurel on his right, and crept noiselessly and nervously on, like a hunted hare, when, on looking back, he caught a glimpse of the fiddler still coming down along the edge of the glen, at every step his mattock and spade clashing together on his shoulder, seemingly beating, on their own score as well as such instruments could, a repetition of the musical performance to which the fiddler had treated him so lately. Of course it was only the ghost or skeleton of the air which such instruments could render, but, to Elisha's ear, every note and turn of the air was faithfully repeated. There was some *diablerie* in those rude instruments or in the man on whose shoulder they were beating out that air with such strange perfection.

"It's the very same tune he played up yander at the hut," muttered Elisha, while an expression of awe stole over his face. "There they go—mattock and spade—kitty tu la tink, kitty tu la tink—beating out the very tunes, all by themselves! If he druv an ox cart, the wheels would be bound to play some tune. Things ketch it from him, like one ketches measles. That fiddler ain't got an altogether human face. He may be one of Satan's imps. That must be hit! Flesh and blood couldn't jerk the fiddle-bow like he does!" And with teeth ready to

chatter in superstitious terror, born of ignorance and fostered by a lonely life in the mountains, he paused and crawled into a dense growth of laurel to conceal himself until the stranger should pass by and afford him the opportunity of escaping homeward to relate the story of his adventure which, commonplace as it was, would form the subject of gossip in that mountain country for months to come.

About the time that Elisha began to congratulate himself that he had succeeded in avoiding a meeting with the fiddler, he became aware that that individual had changed his course and was approaching the very spot where he lay concealed. There was no way of escape but in taking refuge in a thick growth of laurel that grew at the very foot of the steep mountain slope, that here descended to the level valley and made a dense jungle on the lower portion of the steep mountain side. In this rank growth Elisha took refuge, and crawling upward found himself on a level ledge of rock, some six feet at the upper skirt of the laurel thicket, the branches of which hung thickly over the ledge and made for him an admirable hiding-place. Just in front of him, though he was too far from the edge to see its bottom, was a ravine some twenty feet across, which seemed to penetrate the mountain some fifteen or twenty feet, and which he reasonably concluded abruptly terminated against the huge, rocky front of the mountain, which here rose an almost solid and perpendicular wall fifty feet above the spot where he lay. On his left the mountain rose for many hundreds of feet, an ascent almost too steep for the foot of man to climb; there were great ledges of rock that cropped out along the surface, yet many a great tree had found a place to send down its roots deep in the soil and spread out its stalwart boughs over the rocky slope.

Elisha had scarcely settled himself in his place of concealment when he became aware from the clinking and clanking of the spade and mattock, beating out the same weird tune, that the fiddler was drawing nearer and nearer the spot where he lay. But, of course, he would pass by and go on his way, and then Elisha could withdraw unseen and make his way home. But the fiddler instead of passing by came up into that recess that seemed cut out squarely into the foot of the mountain and threw down his tools with a clatter within twenty feet or less of the spot where Elisha lay, and then Elisha heard him utter a long sigh and stretch himself out on the ground as if his rest there was to remain long unbroken.

Elisha scarcely dared to breathe. He lay on the rocky ledge under the shelter of the laurels, wondering what it were best to

do. By crawling some three or four feet forward on the ledge it would be possible to look over into the pit-like recess and obtain a view of all that was going on below. But as one approached the verge of the ledge its downward inclination was steep and its surface had become almost as smooth as polished marble. Yet the curiosity of Elisha prevailed over his caution, and by slow degrees he dragged himself forward, an inch at a time, until he could see all that was going on in the little twelve by fourteen recess with its perpendicular sides and level bottom, that the hand of man had evidently assisted in shaping. The fiddler had stretched himself on the smooth, sandy floor of this little recess, and lay with his back toward Elisha who was peering curiously over the ledge. Once or twice as the fiddler changed his position Elisha caught a glimpse of his thin face with its hardened, cynical and malevolent expression. At last he arose to a sitting posture, and looked impatiently out in the direction from which he had come but a few minutes before. Elisha, fearing discovery, drew back and lay flat upon the ledge.

"The black, infernal devil!" muttered the fiddler, in a tone of impatience and irritation, "he was to meet me here at this hour, and what if he should fail to bring me the gold! My course of life has already lost me my soul—if I have one—and it would be hard if the gold, that has cost me so much, should be lost too!" And he laughed a hard, cynical, mocking laugh, that had in it no merriment, but only a world of bitterness.

Elisha's teeth chattered—almost audibly. He would have given every two-year-old in his herd to have along with him at so critical a moment as this the old Bible lying at home wrapped up in an old apron on the top of the cupboard. If the Great Adversary and the unfortunate being before him were really about to have a meeting there, in a manner almost under his very nose, even that Bible, though it was but a cheap duodecimo that might be easily crammed into one's pocket, would be to him a treasure worth all the Alexandrian library. Yet in the absence of his Bible his heart leaped for joy when he remembered he still had with him one sure and unfailing resort in his trusty and unerring rifle. It had been good against "b'ars" and "painters," and might have helped him at a pinch against Satan himself. But his hair almost stood on end with horror when he found that instead of his rifle he but carried in his hand a green chestnut pole. His discomfiture was now complete and his terror was extreme. He had heard of such enchantments and witchcraft happening before. He was now sure that he was the victim of some diabolical agency, against which all his struggles

would be in vain. He would have taken the most solemn oath that he had not for a moment suffered his rifle to leave his hands, and that it had undergone this strange transformation without attracting his attention. Just at this moment when he was unmanned by the appalling discovery he had just made, he was still further shocked by observing that the sun was beginning to grow feeble and pale; that a weird and solemn gloom was stealing over the earth, and that the shadows of the trees were broken, jagged and distorted. There was no cloud—not a trace of one in all the sky—yet the sun looked like a wasting taper, while a supernatural gloom enveloped the mountain and valley and darkened the whole landscape. A great gibbering owl, a bird that loves the darkness and hides in caves and hollows through the day, came slowly flapping across the valley and settling upon the limb of a decaying oak, far over Elisha's head, made his heart quake and his blood run cold with its wild maniac cries. Just thus should unclean birds fly abroad, and the face of nature be veiled in gloom, when the arch-enemy of man appears clothed in the darkness of the bottomless pit.

"Curse the loitering, sluggish imp!" exclaimed the impatient and irritable fiddler as he paced back and forth in the recess—"He surely ought to have been here as soon as I. Ah! yonder he comes at last, bringing the leathern pouch weighted with gold. Gold, gold, gold! Where is the man who would not have toiled and sinned for it as I have? Where is the soul it would fail to buy, if offered in sufficient weight?"

Almost fainting as Elisha was with terror, the words of the fiddler aroused his attention. Raising his head he stared in the direction in which the fiddler was gazing, and saw a form more uncouth and repulsive than he had ever conceived in his imagination, coming around a rocky angle of the crooked ravine.

"Have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner!" gasped Elisha. "I knew it must be the devil! The poor fiddler has bargained away his soul!"

Even one less unnerved than Elisha now was might have been excused for this sudden access of terror; for the being who now appeared in sight was an object fearful to look upon. As black as darkness itself, below five feet in height, broad-shouldered as a gorilla, with arms so long that his hands hung below his knees, and with huge legs bowed to such a degree that it seemed scarcely possible for them to sustain the weight of the heavy body they had to support, he came rocking along on distorted club-feet, his huge misshapen head oscillating from side to side, and leering around with a hideous and repulsive face which caused those who looked upon his unfamiliar appearance

to shrink back with loathing and disgust. Compared with him, Caliban might have appeared a comely and prepossessing youth. His huge head was surmounted by a head-gear woven of willow shoots, out of which projected backward from his temples a pair of ram's horns that added to the hideousness of his aspect. On his broad shoulders he bore a large, brass-bound leathern pouch, which as he entered the recess, he carelessly cast down at the fiddler's feet.

"There!" said this ill-looking being as he cast the pouch down with a grunt of relief—"there's your gold! Count the bags, and you'll find that even the devil can be honest."

"Oh yes, the devil and his imps are always honest," returned the fiddler with a cynical grin as with wary caution he drew a key from his pocket, unlocked the pouch and proceeded to examine the contents. There were several small bags of buckskin within closely tied with strong thread of a peculiar kind. One could not have tampered with the bags without great risk of detection. The bags were strongly tied and the threads snipped off so closely to the knots, that if once untied, there would not be a sufficient length of the thread to tie them up again.

"Well, it is all here—I believe," said the fiddler with lingering distrust, even after he had subjected every package to a critical scrutiny. "Fifty pounds of gold in dust and nuggets and coin is a good pillow to rest on. I'll enjoy it while it lasts, for I've regularly sold myself to the devil to gather it up. More's the pity—but I'll live while I live and not trouble myself about the hereafter."

The only answer which the uncouth creature vouchsafed to this speech was a wild scream of "Yah! yah! yah!" which seemed meant for a peal of laughter, but there was something so demoniac in this sudden outburst that it made Elisha's blood run cold. A squirrel in the top of some huge trees overhead ran from bough to bough, barking and chattering out his echo to the wild peal of laughter from below. With a hunter's instinct, Elisha directed his glance upward, watching the motions of the playful creature, and when he turned his glance downward again he found an addition had been made to the group.

It was the figure of a comely and even beautiful woman, who now appeared there standing near the fiddler and looking pensively downward perhaps upon the heavily-riveted bag. She came so suddenly there, that, if Elisha had seen her descend from the clouds or emerge from the earth, he could not have been more amazed.

She was no longer in the bloom of youth. That was past,

and on her face rested the shadows of care and sadness, that, in spite of her beauty, seemed to be no fleeting ghosts. When she spoke or when she smiled the shadow was lifted from her face, only to settle there again when the smile died away.

"Gold, gold, Frantz—gold again," said she in a tone of unutterable sadness. "Must all the thoughts of you men be given only to the heaping up of that which can not buy one



"A FORM MORE UNCOUTH AND REPULSIVE."

moment's peace, wipe away a single tear, or retard for a moment the coming of age or death? This, I will hope, was all honestly gotten—that there was no tears upon it, no drops of blood. It stands as the result of honest toil; so many blows of the pick, so many shovelfuls of ore dug from the earth."

"All honest work, lady," answered Frantz, with a slightly

foreign accent. "But gold is good—always good. Ask Captain Currie, and he will tell you there is nothing so good as the yellow gold."

"There are many things better, Frantz, yet all that God has made is good, but oh, how far off seem the days when that teaching was learned from the Holy Book that everything from His hand is good!" and the light on her face became darkness, and the sigh she uttered was as dismal as a moan.

"What, lady, everything good!" exclaimed Frantz incredulously—"sickness, pain, poverty, hunger, death and all that!"

"Yes, Frantz," answered she slowly and in a dreamy way, as if her thoughts were far off, and only her lips replied—"yes, all that is good too, if it only saves us from eternal loss."

"Not so good as gold—not so good as pleasure. Ask Captain Currie—he don't think it good that a bullet ploughed its way through his thigh and laid him on his back for weeks, so that we had to bring him to this hiding place until he could sit his horse again. He would swear a little if any one but yourself, lady, should hint that it was a good thing he should have a bullet through his thigh and a dozen sheriff's officers hunting him down while he was jolted a hundred miles across this rough mountain country to a safe hiding place, with his wound breaking out afresh at almost every step. I shouldn't like to tell him that all that was good."

"And yet, I trust it was good for us all, Frantz. He, at least, has had time to think calmly over his desperate and dangerous course. He has become gentle in his thoughts even to those who have wronged him so deeply. He will go far away from this region, where there can now be no peace for him, and begin life anew. And you, Frantz, you, I hope, in this opportune calm, have time to remember that you, too, have a soul."

"If I ever had one," said Frantz, with a shrug of his shoulders and a sardonic grin, "it has been sold to the devil ten times over; and Captain Currie——"

"Stop there, Frantz—stop!" said the lady, coolly and calmly, but in that decisive tone that always enforces respect and obedience. "He is my husband. You, I fear, are obdurate and lost. But him I *will* save. If you have bargained away your soul irretrievably and forever, he, I know, has not gone beyond recall. Precious to me is *his* soul. The great enemy shall not watch more eagerly to destroy than I to save it. But to change the subject, Frantz, I have sought you to say you must have the horses in readiness for us to leave this place any hour; possibly to-morrow, certainly not later than the next day. My husband's wound has sufficiently healed to enable him to take the saddle

again. We must go far off where he may begin a changed life ; and you—I hope——”

“As long as that imp of darkness attends me,” said Frantz, indicating with a gesture the uncouth being who lay sprawled on the ground at his feet, “I shall fiddle life merrily away in this Golconda. He and I have made a firm bargain, which I can not break.”

“Well, I have no right to dictate your course,” said the lady, in her quiet manner. “But here ; here is a diamond brooch too costly for me and that rightfully belongs to another ; to whom, you know better than I. Take it, Frantz, and, as my last and earnest request, see that it is faithfully returned to the proper owner. It may be worth thousands, but to me it is less than a worthless bauble. I trust you to restore it to the owner, and I believe you will not deceive me.”

It was evidently some very costly gem, though the mind of Elisha failed to grasp this fact. In truth, the subject matter of the lady's discourse was an entire mystery to him. He would not have known a diamond brooch had he met one in the highway. But he had an intense curiosity to know what the thing might be, and incautiously he moved forward, stretching his neck to the utmost to get a glimpse of the brooch as it was passing into the hands of Frantz. The downward slope of the ledge on which he now lay was deceptively steep. As he thrust his head forward to obtain a better view of what was passing below, he lost his balance and fell headlong to the bottom, tumbling down in the midst of the startled group below.

It was a fall from no great height, only a distance of ten or twelve feet upon the hard, level, sandy floor, but it was upon his head and shoulders that he fell, and he lay there stunned and as limp as a rag.

When restored to consciousness, the unlucky Elisha found himself some distance from the spot where he had fallen, and lying on a thick grass plat, by a fountain that spouted from a crevice in a rock, at the foot of a steep hill. The first object that presented itself to his sight and caused him to start up to a sitting posture was the figure of a shaggy dog of great size that lay crouched near his side, regarding him in a manner that was at least equivocal, and might be interpreted as the watchful look of fidelity or the eager gaze of hostility, awaiting some symptom of returning life before rushing upon him.

“You will do very well now, my friend,” said the voice of one near him, as Elisha's eyes opened for a moment and then closed again.

Elisha turned and stared stupidly at the speaker, a tall and

decidedly handsome man who was sitting at his right hand on a slab of granite. The stranger was neatly and tastefully attired, and had the air and manners of a highly cultured gentleman. He had those black, peculiar, lambent, velvety eyes, dark and inscrutable, that can, better than words, express all shades of thought and feeling, but into which one would gaze in vain to fathom the thoughts and purposes he would conceal.

Elisha stared upon him but only saw a fine-looking man of some forty or forty-five years of age, with a smooth, olive complexion, who had a most pleasant voice and winning smile.

"You are coming around now," continued the stranger, in a cheery manner, "and will soon be on your legs again. Here—swallow this, and it will bring you all right."

With the air of one accustomed to exercise authority, he raised Elisha's head and shoulders and applied to his lips a cup of spirits diluted with water from the fountain. Elisha felt the genial effects of the draught throughout his system, and rose to a sitting posture.

"What is the matter?" asked Elisha, as he passed his hand over his head in a dazed manner, and stupidly stared at his new acquaintance—"and where are they all gone—the woman and Frantz and the devil?"

The stranger's dark eyes twinkled and his amusement showed itself in a merry smile.

"What!" asked he, "your head not clear yet, and are you dreaming still?"

"Dreaming?" asked Elisha, with a stupid, bewildered stare. "Didn't I see them all here a little while ago?"

"And what was so motley a group doing?" asked the stranger, with a mischievous twinkle in his unfathomable eyes. "What dreamed you they were engaged in?"

"Dream?" asked Elisha. "Do I dream that my left shoulder has a bruise on it as large as a boomer's skin, and that my left hip is skinned as if a painter had clawed it?"

"Perhaps that may be a dream, too," said the stranger, greatly amused. "But pray tell me, what kind of a woman was she that consorted with the devil? and what seemed to be their purpose in meeting together in so lonely a place, and in broad daylight, too?"

"Now, that you bring it to my mind," answered Elisha, "it wasn't our common broad daylight at all. When the devil put in an appearance, I can take my Bible oath the sun, hit almost went out, and to my thinking," continued Elisha, as he looked around, "hit ain't got over it altogether yit."

"But you haven't told me what this strange trio were doing,"

persisted the stranger. "But here—take another swallow of this *eau de vie*. It will clear your brain."

"Odervee? I didn't know it was called so," answered Elisha, taking the cup and draining it with gusto. "I must say it tastes mightily like good sperrits."

"Well, you feel better now, I am sure," said the stranger, as he mixed another cup, and set it aside in readiness. "Now tell me, as well as you can remember your dream, what were they all doing?"

"Dream agin!" muttered Elisha, as he hung his head despondently. "Look here, stranger," he continued, looking up with something of restored confidence, "old Meg is hitched to a swinging limb, on top of the ridge, ain't she? Well, thar's whar I start from, and if that ain't a dream, I take my oath that all the rest happened, just as I saw it happen. Frantz plays the fiddle, too—don't he? or is that a dream, like all the rest?"

"Frantz can play a little, I suppose, when he tries—if there is any such person as Frantz," added the stranger, with an after-thought.

"Well! that beats all!" exclaimed Elisha, now inspirited by the fumes of the brandy, as he stared at the stranger in astonishment. "Well, if old Meg *is* hitched on the top of the ridge, and if I stood and heard that weasened-face Frantz play for a full hour on his fiddle, then I will swear I saw him sell his soul—no renigging, mind you—to the devil, just as sartain and sure as ever I saw a horse-swap. If I didn't see it all, with my own eyes, I'm a boomer, and one of the cussedest ones you ever seed on these mountains. And, stranger, here's the proof it was the devil hisself, an' nothing shorter: My rifle, one of Kennedy best barrels, in a warnut stock, was changed in my hands, *in my own hands*, into a chestnut pole, cut off squar at both eends."

"Well, that is pretty strong proof," said the stranger, with a grave face. "I think it would prove almost anything; but here, my friend—just another sip of this *eau de vie*—your fall has somewhat addled you."

"It is mighty like sperrits," observed Elisha, benevolently, as he drained the cup and smacked his lips.

"And now as to the woman," asked the stranger, "did she, too, make a shrewd bargain for herself while the devil had his shop open?"

"I sort o'think she was agin the whole business—lock, stock and barrel. She was a mighty passable kind of a woman; that anybody could see for himself; and she said some mighty fine things that was entirely outen my retch; it was a heap of fine

talk and smart sayings like a passable woman will git off when thar's a fiddler and the devil in her company; but, as nigh as I could get the hang of what she said, she wasn't for trading her soul—not by a long shot!"

"And how was the market, friend? Did you dream that little Frantz made a good bargain for himself?"

"Look here, stranger, don't you say dream to me agin! I tell you I saw it all with my own eyes, and no dream about it! I might have counted the bags of gold paid over to Frantz—nigh on to twenty-five or thirty, and maybe more—tied up in buckskin bags, and all stowed in a copper-riveted bag, such as Jim Estes carries the Cranberry mail in."

The stranger's brow suddenly darkened and his eyes flashed as he scowled on the speaker.

"There! that is enough!" exclaimed he, as he rose to his feet and strode a step or two, leaning on his cane and limping, "you have seen too much. Keep a still tongue, for if you blab about what you say you have seen, it may cost you dearly. You had better see to old Meg now, for you have been away from her a pretty time. You are more able to make your way up the mountain than I am to aid you. Here! take this bottle and what is left in it: you may again need a stimulant. Do you feel able to make your way home?"

"Bless you, stranger, I could dance to Frantz's fiddling for an hour now and not blow."

"Well, then, I can safely leave you to your own resources. Only one word at parting—speak not of what you have seen here. Remember it was all a dream, or"—and there was a baleful flash from the stranger's eyes that made Elisha quail—"you will wake the devil when and where you least expect to find him."

So saying, the stranger limped away, followed by the great shaggy dog, leaving Elisha standing there alone. How the mountaineer reached his home he could scarcely himself explain. On the way he resorted so frequently to the bottle that there was not a drop left to corroborate his asseveration to his friends that it was a new thing but mightily like sperrits. He carefully carried with him the chestnut pole in the vain hope that when he left that eerie locality a retransformation would take place and convert the useless pole into a rifle again.

In three days' time the whole country was ringing with the marvelous tale which Elisha had to tell. As for himself he could not be prevailed upon to visit the scene of that *diablerie*, but there were at least a score of his neighbors of keenly excited curiosity who wished to visit the place and examine all its sur-

roundings and its present condition with their own eyes ; all the more so as it was shrewdly suspected that Elisha, overcome by repeated potations—a rare event with him—had, in a drunken dream, seen all the wonders and undergone the experiences which he related as things belonging to the actual world. Within the space of a week a party of ten or twelve of the most adventurous spirits of the community assembled and, having obtained minute instructions from Elisha as to the route and locality, set out on a tour of discovery to the spot that had now attained so startling a notoriety.

Aided by Elisha's instructions the place was easily found. The hut was no longer tenanted or tenantable. The roof had fallen in ; and much of the flooring, together with the doors and window shutters, had disappeared. That part of the flooring which still remained was covered with dust and rubbish, seemingly the accumulation of years.

Near the place where the gate of the enclosure had stood, in a coppice outside of the yard, a rifle was found leaned against a tree with the initials E. S. rudely carved on the stock. The barrel was dull and rusty, but it was at once recognized as the weapon usually borne by Elisha. Leaning against the same tree were a couple of chestnut poles similar to that which Elisha had brought away on the day of his inauspicious visit to the place.

It was long before they discovered any sign of the presence of man in that lonely place. Taking their course down the glen they soon heard the full tones of a violin, and, guided by the sound, they came upon little Frantz, the performer, seated on a slab of granite in the recess under the rocky cliff heretofore referred to, playing most lustily. Surprised by the sudden appearance of so many strangers, all armed, too, with their rifles, he was evidently greatly disconcerted at first and regarded their approach with apprehension and alarm. A lone and timid man such as Frantz was, and without any means of defense, might very reasonably be seized with a tremor at the spectacle of so many armed strangers seemingly coming against him.

A huge woolly dog lay at his feet, and as the party gathered at the opening of the recess he rose and growled savagely, showing at the same time a fearful row of long, sharp teeth. But obedient to the command of his master, and at the same time intimidated by the numbers of the party, he slowly retreated behind Frantz and seemed to disappear in the wall of solid rock. The party, deeply influenced by superstitious feelings, came slowly forward into the recess where Frantz was seated, and were surprised to find themselves at the low, narrow mouth of a cave that seemed to penetrate far into the mountain. On a

ledge of earth and rock a few feet above the spot where Frantz was seated they recognized the laurel covert where Elisha lay hidden when his itching curiosity led to his headlong fall.

When Frantz discovered, as he soon did, that his visitors had come with no hostile intent he was as cordial and sociable as though their presence was to him the source of supreme happiness. Confounded and dumb at first, as soon as his apprehensions were removed he prattled as joyously as a little child. His visitants, a class of simple-hearted mountaineers, were soon at their ease, reclining on the ground around the musical Frantz, intoxicated with delight while his bow swept across the strings and drew forth wild strains of music for their gratification. He listened with an incredulous and amused smile and shook his head with a laugh when his visitors asked him of the vast store of gold which, according to the story of Elisha, he had amassed with such peril to himself; but he could not remove from their minds a settled conviction that in some way, either by traffic with Satan or with the pick and spade, he had gathered up no small amount of gold which, perhaps, he had hidden away in the recesses of the cave, the very existence of which had remained unknown to them up to this hour.

Frantz had marvelous tales to tell, of a startling and fearful character, about the wonders and terrors of this cave which he claimed to have explored far into the heart of the mountain. There were fearful beings—not of the earth—whom one that dared to penetrate its secret chambers must make up his mind to encounter. There were spells which they had the power to cast on the unfortunate beings of this earth who were not skilled enough to meet them with a magic more powerful than their own. His narrative sounded like the wildest extravagances of the Arabian Nights. Yet his simple and credulous hearers never dreamed that he was telling them aught but the unvarnished truth, for there, as Frantz pointed out to them, was the cave itself to vouch for every particular of his story. Its strange sights and wonders were there awaiting their inspection. They had only to make the venture and brave the dangers that lay within to find his statements confirmed in every particular.

The party were under a feeling of awe. They consulted together to find who of their number would venture upon an exploration of the cave, but the boldest of the party shrank from the undertaking. According to the account given by Frantz there were too many weird manifestations of a supernatural and frightful character to suffer the exploration to be lightly undertaken even by those whose curiosity had brought them thus far. It was all in vain that Frantz offered himself as

an assistant and guide to any one wishing to explore the secrets of the cave, and yet there was not a man among them all who did not promise himself, within a few days, despite all difficulties and dangers, to explore it to its farthest extremity. In the meantime, with one voice, they urged Frantz to make a complete exploration at once, and bring back for their inspection some of the wonderful things which he assured them it contained. It was taken for granted that an hour or two would suffice for his making the complete tour and return; but, brave fellow that he was, he assured them that the cave was of great extent, and that since so many persons were present to profit by the exploration, he should not think of returning to report the result until he should have reached its farthest extremity. It would be a work of perhaps many hours. He counseled them to await his return until noon of the following day, and if he then failed to appear, a party well supplied with all things requisite for the purpose should make their way in for his relief.

It was near the hour for sunset when Frantz, having completed all his preparations took his leave of them and with a miner's lamp attached to his hat in front, and his violin in his hand started bravely into the cave.

"You had better leave that fiddle behind you," said a thoughtful man of the party. "It will be mightily in your way before you git back."

"Ah, my friend," returned Frantz, as he shook his head and grinned from ear to ear, as he always did when venturing to express his dissent from an opinion advanced by another—"you don't know what virtue there is in this instrument. A thousand goblins and Satan himself could never harm me with this instrument in my hands. They would have to dance to whatever tune I played and one sweep of my bow would send them off reeling to a distance. They have to obey my bidding while I play. Should I leave this behind they could tear me to pieces if they would."

This declaration of Frantz caused a profound sensation among his auditors. He rose greatly in their estimation and had won their entire sympathy. Waving his bow as a parting salutation, he struck up a wild, weird tune on his violin, and with a smiling face and in a cavalier manner, danced off into the cave, "rantingly, wantonly," after the style of McPherson "under the gallows tree" and was, in a second, hidden from the sight of the simple mountaineers, who stood wild-eyed, open-mouthed and silent, as if they had seen the earth swallow him up from their sight.

For a considerable time they sat in silence or only speaking

in low undertones listening to the tones of the violin, now swelling up and again dying away until at last they were only heard at long intervals, and then ceased altogether. Once indeed during this period of intense interest wild, fierce, unearthly yells were heard far within the depths of the cavern—cries of rage, terror and pain as if something fearful was taking place, making the cavern ring with discordant sounds. But in a few seconds the fearful outcries ceased and then all was again still. Were these the sounds of a conflict in which the poor fiddler was involved with the demons who haunted the cave and who thus resented the intrusion of a mortal into the domain where they ruled? Was it really true, as Elisha declared, that Frantz had bargained away his soul to the foul fiend, and were these the wailings of the unfortunate fiddler, when the arch-enemy appeared to carry him away? But these wild sounds came soon to an end, and, as the din died away, the far-off tunes of Frantz's violin were again heard, faint in the distance and yet mingling to form a jubilant air, that seemed to proclaim his victory over the powers of darkness. With the notes of that triumphant air the sound of the violin no more came to the ears of those who lay watching at the mouth of the cave.

Gathered around a log fire built in the recess at the foot of the tall rocky cliff the individuals of the party sat or reclined through the night speculating on the probabilities of Frantz's return within the set time. Noon was the extreme limit upon which Frantz had fixed; but many of those who watched were sanguine of his return by sunrise.

The night had slowly passed away and the morning sun when he looked down upon the Linnville saw more than a half score of men at the foot of the bluff, jaded and weary with watching for the return of Frantz. They now began to realize the rashness of his venturing alone to explore the mysteries of the cave, haunted, as they believed it to be, by the foul fiend to whom, according to Elisha's account, the reckless Frantz had bargained away his soul.

Noon came and passed and twilight fell again while the group of men, now somewhat reduced in numbers, still tarried and faintly expected the return of Frantz. The horses of two of the party had loosened their bridles during the night of watching and disappeared, and their owners having gone in pursuit of them spread through the country an account of all that had occurred at the cave. This spreading of the news excited a more general interest in the developments at the cave and shortly after twilight many additional groups coming in swelled the number at the cave to more than twoscore men.

Some of the new comers brought with them fresh material for gossip. About midnight of the day before, some eight miles west of the cave in a dark glen, one of them had encountered two mounted men hastening on toward the Tennessee. The spot where he met them was too dark to distinguish their features or even their color but they were mounted on horses closely answering the description of the missing animals. One of them most symmetrical in shape was of a milk-white color and the other was a dark horse with a long strip of white down his face. One of the riders was of a short, broad, bulky figure, bearing a huge pouch of some kind on his saddle bow. A dog of great size attended them like a shadow flitting along the road. The party thus encountered, passed on in silence and in haste, seeming to shrink from observation. But horse thieves in that region, from across the line, were so plentiful that this statement cast no shadow of suspicion on the movements of Frantz. It was regarded as a settled matter that he was still in the cave.

Two others whom curiosity had induced to join the party at the cave brought in a still more startling story that seemed to throw additional light upon the subterranean travels of the belated Frantz and encouraged a hope that he might yet reappear, though at a later period than he had estimated. The persons who brought in this later report swore so stoutly to the truth of their statement and were such brawny, muscular mountaineers that no one ventured to question the truth of their story. They evidently believed in the truth of what they told.

Some eight miles west of the cave about noon of that very day when they had dismounted by the roadside, two miles beyond Flint Hill, they distinctly heard the tones of a violin, the sound seeming to rise from the bowels of the earth, far down beneath their feet. The sounds appeared to move on at the rate of a man walking slowly and took the direction of Jonas' Ridge. Those to whom this story was told were well acquainted with the localities referred to, and this knowledge was an important factor in convincing them of the trustworthiness of the story; and the facts stated fully satisfied them that at the hour of noon, when they were expecting his reappearance, Frantz was still eight or ten miles away and was still pressing on bravely, not yet having reached the end of the cave.

They were now impressed with the conviction that two or three days might yet elapse before the return of the adventurous fiddler and, sending off parties to bring in a supply of provisions, they determined to tarry three days at the mouth of the cave, unless Frantz should appear within that period.

Now and then, during that long period of watching, some

hopeful members of the party would start up with joyful announcement that his ears had caught the sound of Frantz's violin. Then for a brief space there would be a manifestation of excited expectation, then a call for silence, and a period of eager listening, followed by hopelessness and disappointment written on the faces that had been bowed down to listen in vain for some sound that might assure them of the speedy return of the man for whom they had waited in vain. After patient waiting until the afternoon of the fourth day, the weary and hopeless vigil came to an end and the watchers returned to their homes.

Years rolled by, but Frantz, the violinist, was never heard of in that locality again.

* * * * *

The facts which are above narrated are all unquestionably true. They are still told at many a fireside in this mountain land as indisputable and well-established. Something of fable and superstition has mingled with them and built up a legend in harmony with the modes of thought of the people among which it originated.

At the period to which our story belongs a noted outlaw, whose eventful history yet remains to be told, disappeared forever from his haunts in one of the mountain counties in Western North Carolina. Shortly before this period he had received a severe wound in a desperate encounter with a posse of officers sent to arrest him. He had a numerous band of followers at his beck and call and was long able not only to defy the authorities but to strike them with such terror that they allowed him to dominate towns and communities without an effort to arrest him. Like a Highland chief among the Lowlands of Scotland, he plundered his enemies at his will. Though a lawless and desperate man, he had many fine and generous traits of character which won him the good will and sympathy of many law-abiding citizens, which, perhaps, often saved him from arrest and punishment and secured his escape when closely pressed by the officers of the law. Once a man of character and refinement, a single misdeed, which was more nearly a misfortune than a crime, drove him from among men and impelled him to a course from which there was no escape but in breaking away from his old haunts and former associates and beginning a new life in some far distant section of the country, where himself and his past career were unknown. The misshapen and hideous negro, with Frantz, both of whom had been his faithful followers, were left at the cave, and their leader, with his sad-faced, but devoted wife, traveled through the country alone to find a home

in the far away West to begin a new life, free from the fetters that in his own State bound him to a life of lawlessness. Of him the people of the Linnville region knew nothing. None of them, save Elisha, had encountered him, and the story which he had told of their brief interview was too vague to interest or impress those to whom it was related. All the interest centered upon Frantz and the burly and deformed negro whose shape it was believed the enemy of mankind had taken upon himself that he might the more easily approach, under this humble form, those whom he wished to tempt to their utter ruin.

By the dwellers in the surrounding country it is to this day implicitly believed that by the sorcery of evil spirits the unfortunate Frantz is still confined in the cave which he so rashly ventured to explore after having sold himself to the enemy of mankind.

On the lonely mountain road, beyond Flint Hill, miles away from the entrance to the cave in the subterranean depths below the feet of the traveler the wild, wailing tones of Frantz's violin is still often heard in the quiet stillness of the mountain solitude, as the unhappy man wanders to and fro, playing at the bidding of the demon who bought his soul and claimed its forfeiture before his victim could enjoy any portion of his dearly acquired gold. Peals of wild demoniac laughter, bitter, mocking, scornful sounds are heard, mingled with the tones of his violin, in the depths of the earth, as though the fiend were exulting in the misery of his victim.

The cave still yawns there in that lonely and secluded spot, so wild and remote from human footsteps that it seems a fit haunt for the hideous demon who still often appears in its precincts. The place is shunned by human feet, and the cave remains, to this day, unexplored, though it may have much in its winding galleries to repay the daring adventurer whose curiosity should lead him to penetrate its recesses. By many in the vicinity Frantz's pouch of gold is believed still to be there, ready to show its glitter to the lamp of the daring explorer who may be the first who shall have the hardihood to lay aside his fears and search those subterranean vaults which, according to popular belief, form the prison house of the unfortunate musician.

Witherspoon Ervin.

BLASPHEMY IN RELIGION.

TO a Southern constituency Sam Jones needs no introduction. His personality has impressed itself so much upon the entire South, and, indeed, upon many parts of the North, that his name and methods have become national. He is to-day the consecrated "Bill Arp" of Georgia, and in national contemplation he sits by the side of Bill Nye, and Artemus Ward, and Mark Twain, as an American humorist. What Sam Slick was to the Yankee, in direct force, in slyness, in shifty ways of doing things—exactly that and no more—Sam Jones is to Southerners. Sam Slick coined money out of his "Blue noses," in his day before the war. Sam Jones, after the war, coins money out of the red noses. Each of them put caricatures in words—just as now-a-days artists do in cartoons. Each of them shot at Folly as it flies, and brought it down.

But the Puritan paused when the church-steeple came in sight, and the Georgian basked in its shadow while he blasphemed.

The Yankee is somewhat like the Jew. He will beat you in a trade if he can; he will accept insults from you very coolly when it is his interest so to do; he is a mild-mannered man on all occasions, but as to his politics and his religion you had best not trouble him. There he will fight, and it doesn't matter whether his opponent is of his own blood or not. He stands upon his own ground, and, when he can not fight successfully, he can die like a man, and leave the combat to his children. He may be bad in six days of the week, but on Sunday he demands decency from the pulpit, and he will have it.

It is true the Yankee is sensational. He has his Talmage, and he has had his Beecher. But the worst that these men have ever been accused of, in the way of pulpit utterances, is very far from what we know of Sam-Jonesism in religion. Mr. Beecher was once accused of saying from the pulpit, "It's damned hot!" Possibly he said it, but if it were true the words which followed it excused him, since he was only repeating what he had heard at the church door as he entered. He drew a moral from it—but even then the good sense and the good taste of all gentlemen condemned the utterance.

Mr. Talmage has in many ways shown the charlatan, but neither he nor Mr. Beecher have ever posed as a blackguard in the pulpit. That would not have been endured in patience

by their congregations. They would have lost caste by it. There is a certain decency and respectability about Plymouth Rock which knows no compromise with blackguardism. You may burn a witch, or massacre a tribe of Indians, in New England, but you must do it decently. Be a crank, if you will, and thousands of other cranks will support you, while they care nothing for your "fad." Believe as you choose, act as you choose, so long as you do not interfere with any other man's vested rights, and you are safe. That is the practice of New England. And New England has bred the great West and has dominated our thought for more than a century.

But outside of New England, and outside of the West and South, there comes a religious sentiment common to humanity. Whether it be Brahma, Buddha, Ormazd, Yahvah, Adonoi or Christ, the idea of a supreme being who controls mankind is prevalent everywhere. To that supreme being worship is due. To Zeus, to Jupiter, to Texacoat'l, to "the Great Spirit," that worship has always been rendered in solemn ways and in appropriate formula. Among the heathen no one has dared to gabble as a priest, or to make a clown or mockery of himself while sacrificing. In ancient Mexico, where men were disemboweled and sacrificed upon a cross-shaped altar of earth or stone, just as in Jerusalem where the sins of a nation were placed upon the head of a scape-goat, the priest had to purify himself before the offering. Sakya-Muni spent years in the wilderness before he took upon himself the attributes of Buddha; and Christ found fault with his disciples because they could not cast out devils, saying, "This kind comes not forth except by fasting and prayer."

But in our modern days Sam-Jonesism supplants solemnity. The blackguard meets the atheist and the atheist triumphs.

The atheist triumphs mainly through his decency, and the lack of it in his opponent.

Sam Jones says, in a recent sermon:

"You fool, that is the forgiven name of about one-half of my crowd."

And in the calm consideration of Christian people there comes like an echo the words of Christ himself:

"But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, *raca*, shall be in danger of the council, but whosoever shall say, *thou fool*, shall be in danger of hell fire."

And likewise from the sayings of Krishna we have this—a maxim long before the birth of Christ:

"He also is worthy of my love, who neither rejoiceth nor findeth fault."

And from Confucius we hear the shrewd saying :

"Do not unto others that which you would not have others do unto you."

So Viscount Amberly—the "Mr. Wendover" of Robert Elsmere—the most learned of modern infidels, says :

"Call no man a fool who disagrees with you on religious points. It may be his training, it may be his constitutional prejudice : let him have his thought as we demand ours. We claim the right to criticise all religions, and to condemn them. We may be wrong ; they may be wrong. Men's minds differ. To the truth let us all trend. But learned men have thought contrary to myself ; and because I have not thought as they do neither of us should feel at liberty to question the good sense or the honesty of the other."

And Ernest Renan—recognized everywhere as one of the most able and uncompromising enemies of religion—has this to say of Jesus :

"No passing vision exhausts divinity ; God was revealed before Jesus, God will be revealed after him. Widely unequal and so much the more divine, as they are the greater and more spontaneous, the manifestations of the God concealed in the depths of the human conscience are all of the same order. Jesus can not, therefore, belong exclusively to those who call themselves his disciples. He is the common honor of all who bear a human heart. His glory consists not in being banished from history ; we render him a truer worship by showing that all history is incomprehensible without him."

I might multiply instances of the charity and broad humanity of infidels until this article would contain nothing else. But from this one sermon of Sam Jones' I could extract more narrowness, more ignorance, more blasphemy than can be found in all the writings of all the infidels who have survived their generation or will survive it.

"Yes, that old sis is going to hell, too." "That is pretty tough on you old red-nosed devils, but it is the truth." "A horse that's got spots on him will begin to kick before I begin to curry. Now you kick and I will curry." "I can fight anything better than a skunk. (Laughter.) I had rather rub up against anything in the country than a skunk. (Laughter.) He just pours it all over you." These are some of the gems of Sam-Jonesism, selected from a single sermon as reported verbatim by an expert stenographer.

Many of our readers will say that such matter is unfit for the

columns of a newspaper, much less the pages of a magazine, and we would not suffer it on these pages save for the necessity compelling us to show what it is which we so heartily condemn. To cavilers we might answer that what is good enough to be heard from the pulpit is good enough to be printed by the editor who protests against it. If it is good enough to meet with applause and laughter from an assemblage of Christians met together for the purpose of worshiping God, and believing that they are doing him service by listening to such rubbish, is it too bad for the wicked world to read?

And therein comes the kernel of the poisonous fruit. Wrong doing from a secular source at once meets with the opposition of all religious people. There is no hesitation, no questioning, no faltering in the good cause. But a pulpit utterance which smacks too strongly of every day life, even though it be not the utterance of the slums, takes from the solemnity of the sacrifice. Somehow we all associate preaching with the idea of worship, so that the preacher becomes to our imagination a superior being, an anointed priest, whose words must savor of sanctity. If his words taste of the street or the dung hill we spit them out of our mouths, and together with them cast out the religion which he teaches. It is wrong of us, but more than half the wrong belongs to him. The young man, or young girl, who reads such a sermon as has been indicated herein wonders if that be the best and highest religious thought to be attained. He, or she, sees it is the most popular, and therefore it has upon it the seal of righteousness, put there by a righteous congregation. But, in comparison with this, Strauss and Renan are scholarly, Bolingbroke and Bacon and Hume are genteel, Thomas Paine and Volney and Voltaire and Dupuis are acceptable, and Michelet and the theosophists are really charming. Even Ingersoll and his unscholarly followers meet with hearty welcome.

Any one who weakens the religious sentiment in the coming generation is a public enemy. Differ as we may about doctrine, we must all agree that no nation has ever sustained itself when to the masses of its people religion became a matter of mockery and jesting. The people most punctual in their sacrifices have been always the most potent with the sword and in diplomacy. And even the hypocrites of to-day are the most successful of our people because they appeal to a universal sentiment of reverence, and thereby gain the confidence of people who are too simple-minded to investigate their claims to piety. It is silly to scoff at this fact; the religious sentiment is all pervading and all powerful. The man who has it not is not in touch with his fellow men

Think of Calvinism what you will and call John Knox what you choose, yet these men crystallized a certain religious sentiment about them which did its perfect work. They maintained their own, and Switzerland is to-day the only free country in Europe, while Scotland dominates the British empire after having been conquered and reconquered time and again by England. In the Parliament of Great Britain Calvinistic Scotland is the main hope in the fight for freedom on the part of Irish Catholics. Sandy and Sawney dislike Patrick and Mike very thoroughly; but Sandy and Sawney want to worship God according to their own conscience, and they think that Patrick and Mike ought to have the same rights. Therefore they vote for Mr. Gladstone and his candidates.

The Scotch and the Irish have both bitter remembrances, and they turn from them and clasp hands, while the one thinks of Bruce and the other of Sarsfield and Emmet. The religion of each one would damn the other if practically applied; but the right to practice the ceremonies of that religion in his own way each one claims, and each one will help the other to attain. The Scot has his rights, and will help the Irishman to his. Hard headed and red haired he will be a troublesome man to beat. These people have stood for their faith. Gaels both of them, and with the old Indo-European determination to die for what they believed, if necessary. Entirely outside of the Semitic influence they have worked out their destiny by pure stubbornness and standing still.

But as a contrast came the Saxon and the Phœnician. Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley came to represent the progressive element in religion. Both sought to reform the church of their adoption. The one founded a society of Jesus, whose members were knight-errants, ready to give life, fortune, liberty—anything—to the cause of Christ; the other organized within his church a method of reaching the people which had been unknown before. Wesley founded a new church stronger than the one he died in fellowship with. Loyola strengthened the old church and founded a society within it stronger than the church itself. The one fathered the circuit-rider, the other produced the Jesuit. The one had his brother Charles to make hymns which all Protestant churches sing to-day; the other had St. Francis Xavier to work miracles and to extend the influence of the great society, and thereby of the Holy See. Both of them builded better than they knew. Asbury and Coke established a church upon the Wesleyan idea; Xavier circled the world with the crude visions of Loyola, and made the Jesuit what he is to-day.

It is not my purpose to write a history of Calvinism either at Geneva or in Scotland. There are better hands for that work than mine, and better heads. Nor shall I follow the Jesuits or the Methodists in their missionary work. All such labor is beyond the scope of this article. I only want to call attention to the feeling of religion which is inherent in humanity. The Calvinist was in no sense a missionary. He only asked to be let alone, and you could believe as you chose. It is true that he burned Servetus and beheaded Mary of Scotland; but, as these people were foreordained to their fates, he could not blame himself for what happened. You could believe what you please and take the consequences. If you were condemned before the foundation of the world, you had only to take your punishment and not blame the executioner.

But the Methodist and the Jesuit, not believing these things and being partial to the good works of Arminius, were determined to save you, if it was possible by argument or even force. They were horror-stricken by the words of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Each one of them felt that he was his brother's keeper, and, therefore, he must make an effort to save him from damnation. So the circuit-rider made civilization possible in these United States long before any other agency could have been effective; and the Jesuit was in the capital of Thibet and at the sources of the Mississippi before other men dared to attempt so perilous an outing. The cross of Christ surmounted the prayer-barrel in L'Lassa, and the Bible was in the blockhouse of Kentucky very many years ago. Xavier and Asbury paid little heed to their superiors—Loyola and Wesley—they had a mission to perform, and, under God, they did their work, and did it for all time.

So, whether it be the quiescence of Calvinism or the aggressiveness of Arminius, we see that the religious sentiment appeals strongly to humanity. It may cross our preconceived opinions or may stultify our early faith, yet it is supreme in our best moments; and the man who serves God in his own foolish way by bowing down before a fetish is entitled to respect and love and pity from us. It becomes us to be tolerant of his ignorance and gentle with his superstition. It is best for us to teach the true faith, always, by precept and example, but not to insult those who are determined to follow after false gods. This is a much harder line of action than the mere mouthing of platitudes in indecorous words, but it is greatly more in the manner of Christ. Gentleness was the chief attribute of our Savior.

It has not been often noticed, if ever, but Jesus Christ was

essentially a gentleman. So far as I can now remember he was never, but once, actively indignant. Then he made a whip of small cords, and scourged the money changers out of the temple. His excuse was a valid one—"Ye have made my Father's house a den of thieves." And, to the Pharisees, he spoke, once, saying "Ye are a generation of vipers." But in both instances he was only claiming his rights as against those who in the guise of religion blasphemed the true God, and made profit out of their position. Men blaspheme from the pulpit now, and they arouse an indignation that they wot not of. None of us have the right to rebuke them as Christ did, but we feel the outrage that they put upon us.

One of the most potent facts, as against all the arguments of infidels against the New Testament, is that a book has been produced which, in its entirety no man now living can duplicate. They may dispute the authorship of this part, or that one, but when you put the question to them, "Can you write its duplicate?" they must—and they will—retire from the contest. Let them find all the fault they can conceive of, yet let one of them write a book so worthy of the honor which centuries give, and so fitted to all ages as this one is! No man can do it—no man will ever try. It contains the life of Jesus Christ and the doings of his apostles; if it be a lie it is the most magnificent one that has ever been told on earth, it is one that can hurt no man to believe.

Nowhere in this life of Jesus—be it true or false—has any man found a single fact to show that he was wrong in his conduct or improper in his actions. From his birth in the manger to his death on the cross he was always the gentleman. Had he ever once been guilty of a Sam-Jonesism there would be no Christian religion to-day, and what the world would have been without his presence and his influence we could only conjecture.

This is not a religious magazine nor a political one. Upon both subjects it has its ideas, and dares to express them; not offensively, we hope, but plainly and to the point. Without taking up the controversy which may seem to invite any church to action, we are in favor of rebuking anywhere and from anybody, an attack upon any religion whether from the outside by an infidel, or from the inside by an Iscariot. The Christian, the Jew, the Brahmin and the Buddhist may have equal standing here. We shall not deny the infidel his place. But we reserve the right to say as we will in regard to any and all of these. And the man who disgraces the religious sentiment from the pulpit need expect no mercy at our hands. Let there be a plain fight from the outside, and we are neutral.

In the speech of Apuleius, when he defended himself from the charge of witchcraft, there are many curious passages. One of them relates to an accusation that he had bought some strange fish from a fisherman in the market. His reply was partly in banter, as he deemed the accusation absurd, and in part serious. The serious part of it was that he had bought the fish for scientific purposes. Outside of all badinage, that is the very reason why I have taken this subject for this essay. Calvin and Knox, Loyola and Wesley are far more important in the world's history than any man of our modern time. They were faulty, no doubt, but no one of them was a blasphemer, or a detriment to the world's progress. They respected the religious sentiment in themselves and others. They were not abusive in language, and did not seek for money to be made by catering to the worst elements of audiences brought together by advertising. They preached as they thought God told them to preach, and not one of them was paid so much a day for preaching. I have taken Sam-Jonesism for my subject because the man who invented it is a queer fish whom I wish to dissect for scientific purposes. I do not so much wish to lay him bare as to call the attention of people to the fact of his work, and his mission. Let us have solemnity with religion, and when we want fun, and must have it, let us attend a minstrel show.

But to be serious once again. Such performances in the pulpit are disgraceful, not so much so to the man who makes money by it as to those who pay what Emerson calls "the wicked dollar" to witness it. Those of us who can not afford to attend a good performance in the opera house may stay at home, but we need not desecrate our Sundays by listening to people who are only preaching for the dollars that are in it. They have less religion than we have, and we know it. Every cent we put up for them is a "wicked" cent, and when we grow wiser we will not put up the cent. Our own preachers are the best. Be what we wish, our own preachers will give us the best they have, and we had best listen to them. There must be somewhere a doctrine; in whatever church you choose to be let that doctrine predominate. You can not go amiss. To the charlatan and the hypocrite you owe nothing. But whatever you find to do, do it—and avoid Sam-Jonesism in religion.

To the Jesuits and to the Presbyterians it is due to say that they have not been troubled in this way. To them, decency and respectability have become the things of every day life. They know little of such troubles as I have described. Yet elsewhere this blight on religion has come—let us hope that it has not come to stay. That man should seek God is a truism.

How he shall best find the faith, no one of us can tell. But when he respects, and treats respectfully, any other man's religion, he is very near to heaven. At any rate, abuse, contention, villification are simply of the devil; and he who uses them from the pulpit must take the consequences.

J. Soule Smith.



RECOMPENSE.

WHAT if the morning dies
And twilight's feet
Climb up the evening hills?—the sunset skies
Are sweet.

What if the fingers of the fainting June
Grow still?—
The sober autumn sings a mellower tune
O'er field and hill.

What if the wings of life
Fold up and rest?—
The bird is happiest far from care and strife
Within its nest.

W. H. Field.

THE VILLA CAPPELLA.

I.

DOCTOR Courtys was walking leisurely down the steep winding drive that leads from the street, half way up the hill, to the Villa Cappella at the bottom.

This villa, built in the fifteenth century and, until recent years, occupied by a noble family, stands in the midst of Posilipo on the western shore of the bay of Naples.

The new road to Pozznoli passes high above this yellow, rambling, old house which is now used as a select English *penzion*. The basement stands in the edge of the sea, while from the upper stories large windows and tiled terraces give matchless views of the city of Naples, Vesuvius, Castelammare, Sorrento, Capri and the blue bay.

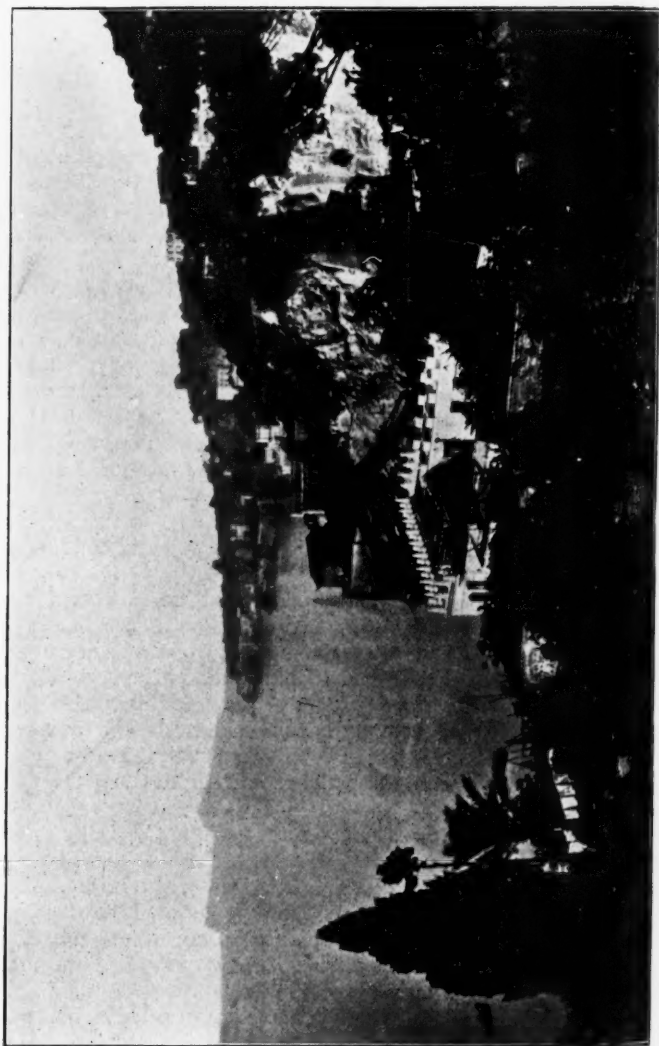
"The peasants call this the house of good fortune, and if you stop here long all your wishes will be realized," Miss B. had said while showing him the apartments.

"Never—would that it might be so," thought Courtys; then, aloud, "My wishes are so extravagant your temple of good fortune would not, I fear, assume the contract."

This villa is one of those rare houses that has no rear, for on the side opposite the sea and facing the hill is a wilderness of flowers and fruits—palm, pepper, azalea, fig, lemon and orange. Wisteria hangs in a thousand festoons on the porch and mingles its perfume with the sweet breath of orange blossoms, while splendid rose trees of rarest varieties climb and bloom over the walls and half conceal the many grottoes cut in the tufa along the roadside that winds high up the mountain to the great gate at the street.

It was this road down which Courtys strolled one day in the middle of April, 18—, carrying in one hand his letters and papers, and in the other the hand of Angelina, the little child of the porter. He had stopped to examine a fine bed of purple daisies and bright poppies, from which he soon turned, however, to look across at the pictures nature was ever making and marling with mountains, seas, skies and atmosphere.

"Rather strange man that," remarked the tall English parson who sat with a group of ladies on the porch below watching the lizards catch the flies that collected about a plate of sweetened milk.



"Very peculiar," echoed several others.

"Yes, Dr. Courtys is a singular person, surely—so absent-minded. Easter morning, when he purposed giving a lre to each of the servants, he gave all the money—a lre each time—to Benedetto whom he happened to meet several times successively before encountering the others," said Miss B., one of the heads of the *pension*.

"He is one of the worst cases of abstraction I know of," said her sister. "Why, yesterday at Victoria when the Posilipo tram that he had been waiting for stopped, he walked across the car and off on the other side where he stood waiting again; and at table he once buttered his cheese, and Giuseppe says he saw him put salt on his pudding."

"Oh, he does a lot of laughable things," said the blonde baroness from Russia, in her best English, "such as wearing his hat to the table, sticking a rose in his vest pocket instead of in the buttonhole of his lapel, and shaking hands with the fat cook whom he suddenly met in the hall."

"Still, he is very nice, don't you think so?" said Miss Martelli, who was known to be tenderly affectioned toward him, and for whom Courtys was trying to cultivate something more than a friendly regard, for the sake of its diversion if not its happiness. In fact, he was endeavoring to arouse his old interest in and sympathy with every living thing, and it was this effort, no doubt, which had so readily made him a favorite with all the hired folk and their children, as well as the numerous dogs and cats on the place—even the two ponies showed signs of friendliness toward him.

Dr. Courtys, the person of whom we have been speaking, was yet young, not over thirty-three, of good height and bearing, not stout, yet compactly built and active; hair red, and whiskers nearly so, trimmed to a point; small feet and hands, and neat fitting attire, in the pocket of which he invariably carried a copy of Poe or Lanier, whom he constantly quoted both in writing and conversing. One noticed particularly his large expressive mouth, and intelligent blue eyes between which great wrinkles folded and unfolded alternately widening and narrowing the space between long overhanging eyebrows. A Tennessean by birth and education, he had practiced his profession for seven or eight years near Natchez, Mississippi, where he had inherited property.

It was after he had grown popular as a physician and prosperous as a planter that an episode occurred which upset the plans of his life and altered the trend of his character, resulting in extended travels abroad and a year's settlement in Southern

Italy. As in so many other instances, his troubled mind had found the diversion of travel ineffectual ; and after discovering this old villa floating in a cove of the bay, he had entered earnestly into the study of music and Italian, finding in this congenial occupation a solace he had not yet experienced since the bitter night, when from the little park at Natchez he had looked for the last time upon the silent grandeur of the river and the wide landscape beyond.

"Doctor, you left us two hours ago, shivering in an overcoat, and now you return fanning yourself with the forty-eight pages of an American newspaper," said Miss Martelli as Courtys descended to the porch.

"Yes, you Neapolitans have such a 'Jekyll and Hyde' climate that one never knows from morning till evening whether he is to drown, freeze or die of sunstroke," was Courtys' reply, as leaving his papers, he descended to the flowery yard, where he romped a moment with the dogs before going to his rooms in the far wing of the house.

"Paris seems full of Americans, and here are three columns of them in Italy. Miss B., you should call the attention of the nicest of these in Rome to the Villa Cappella," gaily remarked Miss Martelli, referring to the register's list of visitors in the Riviera and Italy, and who little dreamed of the consequences that might follow her suggestion.

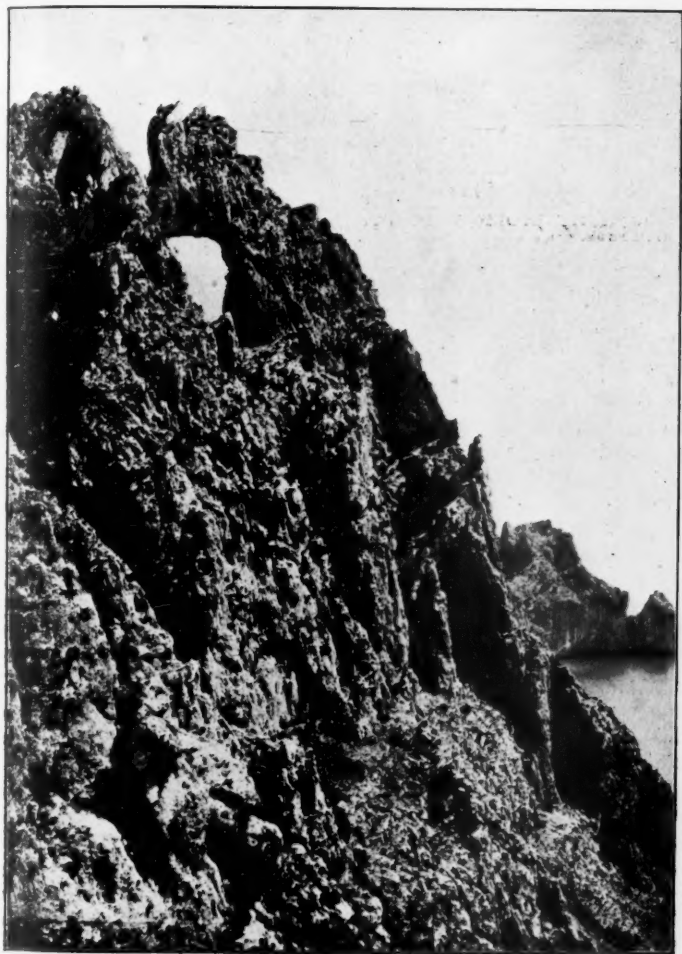
II.

*Mr. and Mrs. Helbruston,
Miss Helbruston,*

*Helbruston Furnace, Pa.,
U. S. A.*

The above was the latest card stuck up in the frame that heralded the names of the guests ; and Courtys stood as one transfixed gazing at these names, when the Helbrustons, after rambling over the curious old house, passed into dinner.

"How very romantic ! I am charmed with this quaint old place," Miss Helbruston was saying.



"And, Cady, did you notice the old coat-of-arms over the doors? Why, I feel half ennobled already," said Mrs. Helbrus-ton to her daughter, a pretty girl of twenty-two or twenty-three, with brown hair and soft, open blue eyes, whose mellow voice, graceful attire and well rounded figure gave evidence of taste and culture. She was of medium height, erect, quiet without timidity, and sensibly sparing of jewelry and flowers—

altogether, a most charming young woman, yet there was that in her face and demeanor which gave an impression of sorrow and weariness

The long dining-room on the first floor had three large windows facing the sea, and another opening into a small flower garden; on the walls were bright frescoes of landscapes, villas and classic figures, while those on the high ceiling represented dancing cupids. Down the center stood a long table, at which some thirty people were being seated as the "new people" entered. The splash of the sea mingled with the murmur of voices, the rattle of dishes, and the mandolin, violin and song of two blind men out in the hall.

Luckily for Courtys, the Helbrustons sat at the far end of the table from that where the accident of a vacant seat on the day of his arrival, a year ago, had fixed him; but the face of Miss Helbruston was in clear view to his amazed glances; though their eyes did not meet and she seemed unconscious of his presence.

How could it be? Surely his eyes did not deceive him. No, it was not simply a striking resemblance—a *fac simile* wrought out in the person of a younger sister, as his bump of caution suggested. Her face and form had been present with him too constantly since her cruel and inexplicable jilting three years ago to admit of the suggestion of mistaken identity. It was she.

The same delicate hand was now lifting a spoon of broth, now daintily holding a cup to her lips, now passing a jug of water to her father—so he had seen as from time to time he permitted his eyes to turn toward her. And do his eyes see aright? Yes, there can be no doubt of it. There on her dimpled arm, on the bracelet he well remembers, hangs his old gold and cameo seal, that he had playfully fastened so as a bangle one day while they sat together in the little park that overlooks the Mississippi, watching the "Golden Rule" pass up from New Orleans.

Here was a new surprise for him. "She is more heartless than I had thought her," he said to himself as he left the table and hurried to his rooms—his brain in a tumult and ever revolving the one question, "How can it be?" This night marked the beginning of a period of mental excitement that nearly dethroned his reason—three days and nights that were to remain afterward as a horrible nightmare, too dreadful to be forgotten. Torn by perplexity, despondency and an affection that mortified and angered him, he repeatedly lost himself in living over again those golden days when they had met and loved.

As the night wore on he was transported to the scene of his

life's sorrow—the old plantation, his patients, the shady roads, the beautiful little city, the Buckhams and their two fair cousins—Bertha and Cady Helbruston, nearly of a size and alike in complexion and voice, on a month's visit—the introduction at the wharfboat when his heart had bounded with new life and happiness at sight of Cady, the younger of the sisters—a few weeks of happiness, the last evening at the Buckham mansion, the pretty company, the dimly lighted porch where he had waited an opportunity to declare his love, the sisters, dressed alike, moving through the house the centers of attraction—one of the pretty pair is in the vine-covered porch now, up in the shaded end, walking with young Buckham who reluctantly releases her—the dark night is alight with flashing insects and laden with a hundred perfumes as they wander down the shell drive toward the gate, and toward that supreme moment whose sweet intensity all athrill with happiness and hope has long marked the zenith of better days and the entombment of youth's spirit and joy. All else seems far away now, but that night remains near, as if but yesterday he had suddenly, and nothing doubting, declared his heart to the fairest of women, who had promptly and coldly rejected him without explanation or excuse. Then the dark days that followed—days of perplexity and irresolution. She had rather encouraged his evident admiration from the first, and young Buckham, who had playfully urged him on, now treated him with evident coolness. Could she be heartless? Was Buckham his successful rival?

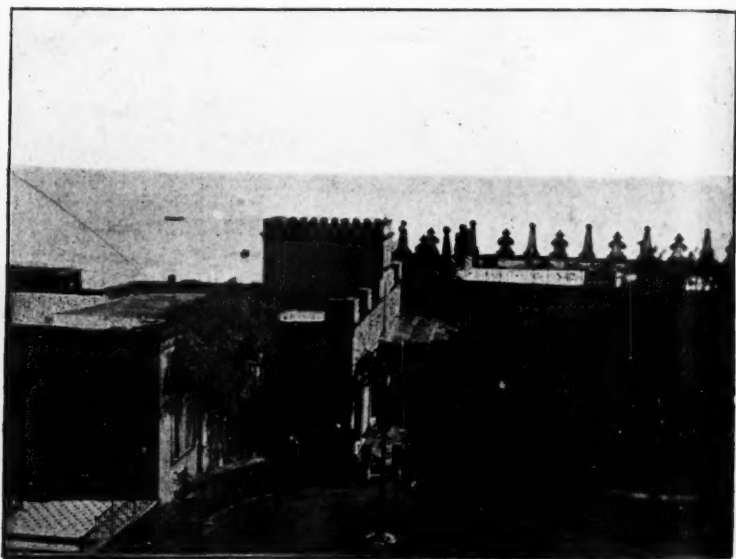
These were the bitter days when his soul had fallen asleep and his purposes changed course, for the third day after his disappointment and the departure of the Misses Helbruston had found him in Nashville—a week later he was in Washington City from where he found his way to Baltimore and Philadelphia, thence to Europe in a vain search for diversion—lastly, his settlement at hard work here, where study, rich scenery and fine air had combined to sooth and stimulate his mind. But these had no power over him now—her presence reigned in him supreme. Excited, dazed, wondering, despairing—yet wholly enamored—his half restored heart was again fighting its hard battle for life.

Now striding to the window to gaze on the shivering, moonlit sea, now reclining in a long rattan chair or lying, face down, on the grass couch by the middle door, he passed half unconsciously through this long night.

The torches of the boats fishing for octopus, and the red light of Vesuvius mingled their dancing reflections on his windows, the quaint music of the troubadours echoing from the

restaurants high above him, the monotonous break of the sea, the bray of a donkey reverberating through the caves and grottoes of the mountains, the drawling call of some belated vender of pumpkin seed and parched nuts, the bells of the cart mules, the long toots of the tram horns, the sharp crack of a cabman's whip—all joined to increase the weirdness of his passing experience and the loneliness of his soul.

"Why is she still single?" "Why here?" "Where is Buckham?" "Why did they not marry?" "Does her sad and weary face betoken some great sorrow—some anguishing disap-



pointment?" These were some of the problems troubling his bewildered mind and driving sleep from his eyes.

During these days his abstraction increased, and he wandered, rather than walked, over the mountains and through the vineyards and gardens of Posilipo. In a moment of unusual forgetfulness he found himself strangely situated—in half darkness and high, gloomy walls. As he moved along ghostly things filled the damp, heavy air about him and sent wild, unearthly screams echoing up and down this strange abode, in which he recognized nothing he had seen before. He was surprised and puzzled to find a peculiar congeniality in these surroundings—

whatever world it was in which he found himself, to whichever abode these dark walls and hideous sounds belonged, it gave him a wild and unnatural delight.

"If this is death, I thank God for it—if it is a dream or vision may it never end," he was muttering half-aloud when the moss-covered floor dropped from beneath his feet, and amid a shower of falling substance and a rush of air, the flutter of wings and pitch darkness, he felt himself falling at a terrific rate—he knew not where nor with what consequence.

"Is this my descent into deeper hell, or my ascension into higher heaven?" he asked himself; for, instead of horror, he felt relief and delight as he was falling into the endless depths below.

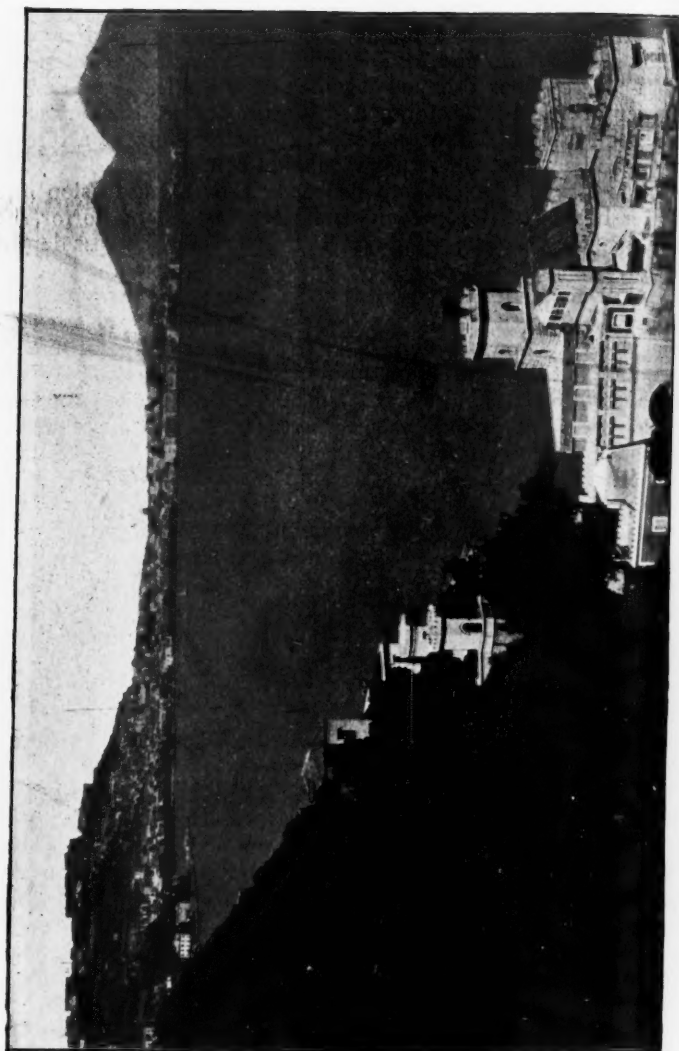
After moments that seemed hours to him, his feet struck an obstruction which whirled his body round and round as it continued on its downward flight—then another that sent him off at an angle till, alighting on an inclined surface, he rolled some distance down to what seemed a hard polished floor.

At the same time his hand fell on what he instantly knew to be the skeleton of a human being, which, when disturbed, fell apart, letting drop a few fragments of metal ornaments. By feeling his way he soon discovered several other piles of bones, numerous urns, statues and works of art. Suddenly seizing a skull of unusual size he exclaimed, "Fellow bones, faithful vehicle of some Lucullus or Cicero of the dead centuries, if there still lingers in you a spark of nobility and intelligence guide me to the explanation of this unnatural experience." As he finished speaking he lost consciousness.

After lying in a heap for some time in a state of semi-consciousness, he was aroused by phantom-like strains of music that seemed strangely familiar—a heavenly song and an angelic voice.

Lifting himself with difficulty, and listening a moment, he started, crawling on hands and knees toward the fascinating sound which increased in distinctness as he proceeded, causing him to quicken his pace till, at last, groping his way around innumerable corners, intersecting chambers and halls that seemed endless, he entered a long, vaulted chamber at whose further end a light, as of the brightest noon-day sun he had ever seen while on the earth, was streaming through fantastic lanterns and tiny windows of marvelous patterns.

But not the light nor its pictures nor the sweet incense that now filled the air could baffle his increasing pace nor divert his ravished ear from the song whose every word he recognized and loved.



"Surely this is the gate of heaven and she is here," he was about to say as the clear mellow voice continued :

"My beloved will come to me—
When the stars steal out to meet the sky;
When happy birds sing and sweet breezes sigh—
Then will he return to me."

"Cady! Cady!" exclaimed Courtys, in a transport of excitement. "Cady! he loudly called again, when there was a low scream succeeded by deathlike stillness. Staggering to his feet, awestruck and bewildered, he rushed as fast as his crippled state would allow toward the light and the place whence the voice had come. Soon his way was obstructed by a great door a part of which, however, yielded to his weight and fell ajar. Passing beyond, fancy his amazement to find himself in the yard of the Villa Cappella. It was beginning to be plain now—he had in his wanderings gone into one of the numerous grottoes or tunnels that have been cut in the soft tufa of these mountains century after century since the Romans fell in love with the vicinity—some made by quarrying for building-stone, some for roads, some as secret passages—and that form a network of openings running in all directions for incredible distances. The shallower ones and the mouths of deeper ones are used for dwellings, stables, wine cellars and storehouses, while thousands are left unexplored, and many of them just as they stood when Virgil sang and unnatural Vesuvius smothered the cities she had rocked to sleep in her lap.*

It was one of these old secret passages, enclosed by doors that opened on the yard of the Villa Cappella, into which he had fortunately wandered after falling through some of the ancient entrances near the top of the mountain.

After staring in blank wonder for some time, Courtys looked about him wondering where the voice had vanished to, and whether he had dreamed it all. But soon all seemed quite real; there on three sides ranged the cheerful old house; here in front of him stood the fine palm he so much admired, and near it the pepper trees and the two flower beds, and here in the path is a chair, and by it a book and wrap.

III.

"Goodbye—goodbye—goodbye." The following morning found the *pension* in a bustle over the sudden departure of the Helbrustons. All work was dropped and every servant on the premises was on the porch in gauntlet array, eager to sell his

*There is said to be one, or more, secret passages from here to Rome.—[Ed.]

bon voyage for a lire or half that sum ; beyond the waiting carriage the gardener lingered to dispose of a handful of flowers on the same terms, and up at the street gate overhead the porter's daughter had closed the gate and was expecting valuable consideration for opening it again.

By what specious excuse they could Mr. and Mrs. Helbruston explained their hasty going without intimating that Cady, after shutting herself up and declining to eat since yesterday, had peremptorily refused to remain longer, and that yielding to her wishes, they were starting by an early train to Rome.



"We find we can meet friends in Rome to-night, and besides, Mr. Helbruston has decided that he should go at once," Mrs. Helbruston was saying as Courtys passed down to breakfast.

His surprise and alarm were scarcely concealed by the haggard cast of his face. His mental sufferings, and especially the experience of the last few days had left him nearly shattered in mind and body and prepared for steps of desperation.

As he passed down the wide, frescoed stairs he resolved to see Cady before she escaped him again.

That young lady, to avoid as far as possible the ordeal of leave-taking and annoying questions, had remained in her room

till the moment of departure arrived, when she slipped into the drawing-room to look once more over the Bay of Naples and bid a reverent adieu to Capri, San Angelo and Vesuvius. Her sad, white face, calmed with the languor of exhaustion, rested against the window, while her weak hands were folded tremblingly on the high back of a chair. Near by a large, white steam-yacht lay at anchor, and seemed inviting her to fly away over the wide seas. Beyond, a great steamer was entering from Australia, and in the distance another was departing for Egypt, while a fishing fleet was slowly pulling out to sea, and Raphael, the singing boatman, sat in his dinghy, at her feet, waiting for a passenger. She was turning away from this fair scene as Courtys entered the door opposite. She retreated to the balcony which extended out over the sea, he following. "Dr. Courtys!" she cried with suppressed excitement, then, staggering back to the edge of the high balcony, she fell lifeless into the arms of Courtys, who had rushed to her assistance as soon as his practiced eye detected the signs of fainting.

Returning a moment later with a bottle of water he had found on a table inside, he heard Mrs. Helbruston calling her daughter. "Come, Cady, there's not a moment to spare, your father says we'll miss our train unless we start in three minutes." "Then I'll see to it that you do miss it," Courtys murmured as he proceeded to close the shutters after him, thus cutting off entry to the balcony. Secure from intrusion, he proceeded to restore her; and when he discovered, nestling on her soft, white throat, by a small chain, his old seal, the brine that mingled with the water on her face was not from the spray of the calm salt sea just beneath them. When life began fluttering back as silently and mysteriously as it had gone, and he had half raised her in his arms, and her wondering eyes looked long and anxiously into his face, they filled with tears and he found words to speak.

Long and ardently he spoke, and frequently she replied, but in a voice too low for other ears than his, when, presently, with a soft, feeble laugh, she said, "Why, Dr. Courtys, you must have proposed to Sister Bertha that night." "Thunder, Cady! we've clear missed our train," exclaimed Mr. Helbruston, who discovered the pair as they re-entered the drawing room. "Well, father," Cady replied, with a bright smile she had not worn for nearly three years, "I am glad of it. If you will allow me to change my mind, I should prefer remaining a while longer at the Villa Cappella."

C. Q. Wright.

A DECEIT.

(RONDEAU.)

"PERHAPS you are afraid to say
The word I seek from day to day ;
You hesitate to speak the 'yes,'
I need to soothe my heart's distress,
Because of man's inconstant way.

"Too oft the mocking poet's lay
Has sung how favored passions stray !
Are you convinced I'd love you less ?
Perhaps you are."

'Tis thus I muse, and thus allay
The doubts that rise in grim array,
Till Vanity, I must confess,
Speaks with a soft, ironic stress,
Which shows she smiled but to betray:
" *Perhaps* you are."

Philander Johnson.



A MULE WITH A MISSION.

By the author of "Sam Colby's Luck," "Jack," "All Forlorn," etc.

THE mule is a distinctive feature in a Southern landscape. In tobacco fields or cotton plantations he is the prime factor. So, too, about the cities, in wagons and drays, and along the rivers, at all the landings. Really, the coat-of-arms of one or two Southern States could be made out of a mule and a pine tree. At times there is a certain picturesqueness about the mule. For instance, coming down the sandy road at sunset, with the flaming sky for a background, a long train of mules with their sable driver may be things of beauty. I remember once driving through a Southern city, making a turn down a by-street and passing an enclosure where there were fifteen or twenty mules. Some of them were hanging their heads over the fence, and in passing I could have touched their silly, stubborn faces. Others were grouped together in the corners, and one old patriarch of the drove stood in the center lifting up his voice in a sonorous "hee-haw" that was making the very air ring. In a yard just beyond were a number of crape myrtle trees in full blossom that looked like pink clouds in the air. A flock of pigeons had settled on the boundary fence and were wheeling, circling and cooing in the sunlight. It was a pretty picture, never to be forgotten. The mules were the principal features, the other things were mere accessories. My fondness for mules began about that time.

I was once acquainted with a very remarkable animal. He was a big, roan, raw-boned fellow, and was called a strawberry mule. Why, I do not know, because he did not resemble any specimen of that fruit that I have ever seen. His name was Big Bill, he was a native of Georgia and had been the property of a negro in Savannah.

His master was in the habit of mortgaging him every spring for supplies during the summer. When the autumn leaves were beginning to fall, and there was danger of Big Bill being called in by importunate and dissatisfied creditors, he was skillfully painted a dull brown, and lent to some trusted friend till the storm was over. Then the master of the disguised quadruped would have the hardihood to ask the creditors to weep with him, because his "crap" was a failure and his mule had died of some lingering disease. Occasionally the programme would be varied. Instead of being painted and lent out, Big Bill would be hidden in the swamps till the negro had lied himself clear of

danger. But this sort of thing could not go on forever. The day came when Big Bill had to be produced, and he was then sold for debt. It is said the parting between him and his owner bordered on the pathetic.

"I ain't never gwine to fin' no mo' mule like you is," said his master, while the tears actually stood in his eyes. Big Bill laid his ears back, opened his mouth, haw! haw! hawed! three times, and then entered upon a series of kicks that rapidly cleared the space about him. All mules can kick, but Big Bill was a genius in that line. He had a peculiar back-action, reversible method, combined with a rotary movement, that rendered him very effective.

After he was sold he came to live on the plantation where I was, and soon achieved a reputation for himself. When occasion demanded that Big Bill was to be caught and harnessed up to something, things became interesting. There was "a gathering of the clans" to begin with. Every darkey about the place that could get away left his work to hang over the fence and see the fun. Even the cook in the kitchen had some pressing business that brought her near the mule lot. And no one enjoyed the sport more than Big Bill himself. He was proud of his own achievements. No dancer in opera bouffe ever endeavored more to excel herself in lofty gyrations than did this mule. If he succeeded in disabling anybody or in knocking down or running over one of his pursuers he would wear a look of the most intense satisfaction that one could imagine in a mule's face.

In a little Georgia town, near Big Bill's new home, there lived a certain professor. He was from New England's stern and rock-bound coast and had come to Georgia to teach in a seminary in this little town. He was a mild and inoffensive man, with a perfect passion for mathematics. In personal appearance he was not imposing, being rather tall and thin, with sandy hair and large blue eyes that were a little prominent and a good deal near-sighted. To remedy the latter defect the professor wore eye-glasses. He had only been in the South a year, but the time had been long enough for him to lose his heart to a certain little widow. Such a pretty widow, with bright black eyes, glossy hair, and plump round form! Still the courtship did not seem to progress. The professor said very little, but took it out in adoring looks, while she treated him with the profoundest indifference. Not being versed in the ways of women, the professor was not aware that this is often an indication of interest. He looked upon the state of affairs as hopeless, and seemed to have resigned himself to be miserable.

The Christmas holidays being at hand the professor was invited to spend the time on the plantation. Then the widow was asked to come, without knowing the professor was also a guest. But I confess I had misgivings when I noticed her frigidity of demeanor when she met her admirer.

The morning after her arrival was lovely. She and I went for a ride on horseback after breakfast, leaving the professor to do some writing. He was writing a book, of course. Everybody in New England writes books. While he was interestedly crossing his t's and dotting his i's, he became aware of a great commotion. He heard the braying of an indignant mule nearby, mingled with the sound of a descending lash. A small African rushed excitedly through the yard calling to a contemporary: "Hi! you Lucy! Come and see Jim cotch Big Bill! He's done kicked de rails clean off'en de fence! Jim's powerful mad an' Big Bill gwine cotch it sure! Jim, he say he'll frail de life out'n de mewl!"

The professor laid down his pen and rose to his feet. He was a humanitarian, formerly secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in his own town. He had tremendously strong convictions on the subject of kindness to dumb brutes, and now was fired with indignation at the thought that Big Bill was being whipped. If he had a mule that wanted to whoa, do you think he'd whip him? Oh no, no, no! he would just smooth his ears till he wanted to go.

The professor immediately started for the seat of war. Any eccentricities of attire were forgotten in the absorbing desire to rescue the mule. Therefore, he did not wait to put on a coat or hat. He was wearing just then a dressing gown manufactured by a maternal aunt who had obsolete ideas of the proper thing in men's attire. The gown was a long, wadded affair, made of bright blue cashmere and tied with cord and tassels about the waist. That is, they should have been tied about the waist. In reality, these tassels fluttered gaily in the wind in a semi-detached condition. On the professorial head was a black silk skull cap, worn to keep the bald spot warm, and on his feet were buff alligator skin slippers. He crossed the yard to the mule lot. The fence was swarming with negroes, all in a pleasurable state of excitement. Jim was standing inside the lot, with a black-snake whip in his hand. Big Bill was a few feet distant from him with his nose to the ground and his heels making semi-circles in the air. The top rails of the fence near by were lying on the ground in a state of total wreck. As the professor appeared on the scene, Jim raised his whip to strike the mule. "Stop, stop, my good man!" he cried out to the negro, who

dropped his whip in surprise. Big Bill also dropped his heels at the same moment, and stared at the apparition in the blue dressing gown. The professor drew himself up in an imposing way, and began lecturing Jim. "It is a shame to treat the poor, dumb beast in such a cruel way," he said.

"Laws, boss, he ain't no po', dumb beast, Big Bill ain't, he's de berry debble hissef, Big Bill is—axing yo' pardon fo' callin' him such names befo' yo'. I'se obliged to whip him, I really is. Dey ain't no odder way to circumflent him wid his meanness."

There was a murmur of assent among the negroes on the fence. "Dat's so, Mr. 'Fessor, dey ain't no odder way to get 'round Big Bill; he's too biggoty to lib, 'less he's done whipped."

The professor was now thoroughly aroused. He looked around at his audience on the fence. "My worthy friends," said he in his best chest tones and waving his hand, "it is a mean thing to oppress or ill-use the dumb brutes that are given into our hands by an Allwise Providence. It is a cruel thing, a wicked thing. A man ought to be ashamed to beat a defenseless animal like this one before us." And he pointed to Big Bill, now standing quiet and lamb-like a short distance from Jim. No one made a direct response to the professor's remarks, though there was a murmur of discontent among the negroes on the fence. Then he opened the gate, entered the lot and went to the place where Jim was standing. "Give me the halter and see me put it on him without the least difficulty," said he, with great dignity.

"'Deed, Mr. 'Fessor, yo' better not meddle wid dat funnely mule," replied Jim. "'Yo' dunno him same's we all do." ("'Deed he don't," murmured the chorus on the fence.)

"James—I believe that is your name—give me that bridle and let me show you what kindness will do with animals." This time the professor spoke with much firmness, and held out his hand for the bridle. Jim began to grow anxious.

"Mr. 'Fessor, I'se skeered to have yo' 'proach Big Bill, de boss will cut up mighty ef I dun let yo'. Yo' must scus me, sah, but I ain't gwine to let yo' tech dis heah bridle." And Jim walked away from the professor.

At this moment the widow and I rode up to the house. We saw the commotion and turned our horses in the direction of the mule lot. I begged the professor to come in the house and leave Big Bill with Jim, but he would not listen to me. His blood was up, and he was determined to persevere to the end. He took the halter from the unwilling negro, and walked up to the mule. That animal stood with his head drooping forward and with the most gentle, dove-like expression resting on his coun-

tenance that made him look the very personification of innocence. Jim shook his head as he gazed at him.

"When Big Bill looks 'ceitful like dat, he's up to mischief, shore. I'se warned yo', Mr. 'Fessor—yo' all heahs me, now," he said, looking at the widow and myself. "I dun my bes', I ain't nuffin to do wid dis heah."

The professor paid no heed. He walked up to the mule and laid his hand on his head. The brute shut his eyes sleepily and stood perfectly quiet. Jim shook his head. "I knows him," he muttered under his breath. The professor looked at him with a triumphant smile.

"I knew kindness would disarm the poor beast," he said, nodding his head by way of emphasis. "Now see with what ease I shall place the halter on his head." Laying his hand on Big Bill's neck, at the same time talking to him in a soothing tone, and telling him he was a nice fellow, a good mule, etc., the professor brought the bridle in front of him and lifted it to the animal's head. The mule shut one eye, looked at the professor out of the other, and then — and then — !

We screamed, the dogs barked, while Jim shouted and rushed forward cracking his whip. There was a whirling object in blue that went up in the air, and then came down upon the ground. The buff slippers flew in separate, distinct directions. The professor lay quite still where he had fallen.

"I reckon he's daid," said the cook cheerfully as they raised him up, but a groan from the injured man proved that life was not extinct. Slowly and carefully they bore him into the house and laid him on the sofa. Skillful examination showed that no bones were broken, nor internal injuries sustained, though he was badly bruised and shaken up.

The next two or three days were very disagreeable ones. The professor was quite able to walk about, but he begged me to allow him to keep his own room till he was well enough to go away. He really was not a pleasant looking object, for he had sticking plaster on one side of his face and his left arm was in a sling.

The widow was very glum. She stayed in her own room a great deal of the time. I thought, within myself, that never did anybody have two more unentertaining guests than these two.

On the evening of the third day, the widow and I were seated in the parlor in front of a blazing wood fire. The door opened and the professor entered. He did not see my friend, as she sat in the shadow. He said to me very abruptly, "I think I shall go away to-morrow. I have concluded to return

to Massachusetts in a few weeks' time, and there are many things to do before I go."

"Back to Massachusetts!" I exclaimed. "I thought you had intended remaining South."

"So I did, so I did," said he, leaning up against the mantel-piece. "But the associations here in Georgia have become so painful, so very painful, I want to get away." The widow moved just then and the professor saw her for the first time.

"I—I—beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, confusedly. "I really did not know you were there. I—I—had expected—that is, I had hoped not to have seen you any more."

"Thank you," she replied, in freezing tones. "Possibly I have had the same hope in connection with you."

"Exactly, exactly—of course, of course. It is a great pity I came in. I will go right out of the room. Forgive me for thrusting myself upon you, though it was quite unintentional," and he walked toward the door. He opened it, then stopped, and came back a few steps to address her.

"No one knows what I have suffered during the last three days. The thought of being ludicrous in your eyes has been the cause of the most acute suffering to me."

"Why?" she asked, now looking at him for the first time.

"Why?" he repeated—"you ask me why?" Because I love you, though you know that well enough. I never intended speaking of this subject to you. I wished to preserve my dignity, at least, but now, now—that I have been made such an object of ridicule in your eyes, I have determined to go away where you will never hear of me again." And the professor's voice trembled as he spoke.

"So you would never have spoken to me of—of—your—regard" (she hesitated over the word), "if the mule had not kicked you and made you want to run away—is that the way of it?" And then she broke into a laugh.

The professor saw something in her face that made him walk toward her with outstretched hands, "Oh, do you really mean you could—could—care for me? he asked in an excited tone.

As for me I hastily left the room, and closed the door behind me. I knew that Big Bill had not lived and kicked in vain.

Angele Crippen.

THE IRISH CASE.

IRISH home rule is an *ignis-fatuus* perpetually leading on Irish patriots, only to leave them in the quagmire of illusion and unreality, where they are inevitably found when overtaken by the broad daylight of fact. This has been the history of the struggle for home rule in Ireland, and it is to be feared that this history will be repeated over and over until the Irish temperament is modified and the English character undergoes a change.

Charles Stewart Parnell was the one solitary leader of Irish politics who promised to accomplish any substantial governmental reform for Ireland, since the days of Daniel O'Connell. He was fitted by nature and education to deal with the difficult problem of reconciling two antagonistic races to each other and subduing their race prejudices, for he belonged to both.

He knew how to keep the impulsive Irish in check, and he knew how to influence the more phlegmatic Englishman. His efforts awakened an enthusiastic hope for Irish home rule, which was shared in by every Irishman, no matter where situated, over the civilized world. He gave new life to the Irish national feeling, but in proportion as he gave strength and vigor to this sentiment, he aroused a bitter opposition among the English. With rare tact he succeeded in identifying his Irish movement with the English Liberal movement for greater freedom to the masses, and a substantial recognition of the right of communities to a wider scope of local self government.

The names of Gladstone and Parnell, after years of strife and suffering, contumely and imprisonment, became linked in the public mind as partners in a great scheme to still more liberalize English institutions and give to Ireland a measure of local self government.

Mr. Parnell was no advocate of physical force. The ineffectual "risings" of the Irish from the outbreak in which Robert Emmet was sacrificed to the Fenian disturbance which caused so many useless deaths, only confirmed him in his belief that, with an army of occupation in their country, and with the constabulary in the hands of the English government, the only method by which the Irish could make an impression upon the English was by constitutional agitation and by an appeal to the growing sentiment in favor of universal liberty.

It was in furtherance of this view that, at his instance, the Philadelphia Convention was called, at which, and by which,

was established "The Irish National League of America," whose object was to unite in one grand triumphant movement all the Irish societies of America to the end of obtaining liberty, or as much of it as was possible, for our fatherland.

As an humble servant in the great cause, the author of this paper was appointed by the Hon. Michael Boland, of Louisville, chairman of a sub-committee, to draft a constitution and by-laws for the new organization. The result of his labors was accepted by the convention without amendment.

Mr. Parnell was not present at the convention, but his spirit controlled its deliberations. The struggle has, ever since, been fought on the lines laid down by him. The organization of the Irish National League is still intact and forms the backbone of the American support of the present Irish agitators. It is their right arm, and is the most formidable antagonist that the English Unionists have had to encounter, because it has furnished, and still furnishes, the sinews of our political war.

Parnell narrowly escaped the title of the great liberator. He brought his people within sight of the promised land, when he sickened and died. What killed him? Possibly ingratitude, possibly hope deferred. He had followed the *ignis-fatuus*, and found himself in the depths of darkness when he hoped to be in the midst of light. For his failure nor for the failure of others can any blame be attached to the unselfish, free-giving sons and daughters of Ireland, who live in exile in this and other lands. They were content to support the "plan of campaign" as mapped out by "those on the ground," and contributed and hoped.

William Ewart Gladstone, whose age already exceeds that usually allotted to man, is the recognized leader of the English Liberals. He is greater than his party, to which the condition of his health is a matter of the gravest concern. He is committed to a measure of home rule for Ireland. What are its details nobody seems to know. It was sought by Mr. Parnell and his colleagues to force the "grand old man" to declare himself, but without success. The wily English politician was unable or unwilling to disclose his Irish policy. Probably, had he done so, it would not have been acceptable to either the English or the Irish, and the recent elections might have resulted disastrously to him.

But he must show his hand soon, and what will it contain? He dare not repeal the act of union, in force for near a hundred years of oppression. He dare not Americanize Ireland by granting her a constitution like a State of the American Union. He dare not turn the Irish constabulary over to the control of an Irish, and therefore Roman Catholic, Parliament. Such con-

cessions would be tantamount to Irish independence in the English mind. It was this that Parnell asked. It was this which Gladstone refused; and he sought the first opportunity to destroy the man who was forcing his hand.

Mr. Gladstone has been dilly-dallying with the Irish vote ever since the treaty of Kilmainham. He played the game of thimble-rig with Parnell. He is now playing it with Justin McCarthy. The man who imprisoned and persecuted Parnell and O'Brien for principle has experienced no change of heart. If his attitude toward their cause has changed, it is due to policy and the altered condition of affairs.

If he and his coadjutors can ride into power on the Irish vote they will have gained all the substantials of victory, and they will give the Irish, what? A measure of home rule or local self government which shall not be offensive to the Liberal Unionists. To the Irish it will be Hobson's choice, that or nothing. The Dublin Assembly will probably be given the control of the appointment of poor-law guardians, the licensing of public houses, the regulation of various branches of excise, the appointment of sheriffs and the power to regulate the government of municipalities.

But the higher functions of government will not be granted the control of the constabulary force and the subordination of the military to the civil authority. There will be no Irish autonomy. That was plainly indicated in the published communications between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone. If not, why should the Irish members of Parliament under the lead of Mr. McCarthy take up the cudgels so actively for Mr. Gladstone? They are striving with two chances against them—the extreme age of the Liberal leader who is liable to die before he can accomplish anything for them, and the possibility that if he lives long enough he can do them no lasting good. They are chasing the *ignis-fatuus*.

That there is race prejudice existing between the English and the Irish peoples is unfortunately too true. It was born of bigotry and intolerance and has been encouraged by historians and politicians. Until recently there has been no attempt at an approachment between the people of the two countries. The labor troubles in England and Wales have, however, brought them together and they find that they are not so wide apart in interests and in sympathies as they thought they were.

Having learned more of each other they are able to account for differences and correct misapprehensions. They find that the needs of the English workingman are those of the Irishman and vice versa. Having thus been brought into closer relations

with each other, it should reasonably be expected that the political sympathy of the Englishman would go out to his Irish brother and that English workingmen would vote with the Irish in support of Mr. Gladstone's candidates for Parliament. But the result of the parliamentary elections is sadly discouraging to this belief.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone's parliamentary majority is made up of the Irish vote, and the majority of the English members of Parliament are against home rule for Ireland. This has the appearance of being fatal to the Irish cause in the next Parliament. It would certainly be fatal in the event of the death of Mr. Gladstone, for no Liberal leader is ready to take his place who can unite the Liberal strength to the same extent as he can, or bring the Liberal vote solidly up to the support of a bill providing for political concessions to the Irish people.

Viewing the matter calmly and from a distance, it does not seem that Irish home rule is in sight or likely to be in the life of the coming Parliament. Judging the future by the past, the British Government will not tolerate the passage of a bill giving autonomy to the people of the sister isle which is not voted for by a majority of the members of Parliament representing British constituencies. The opposition of the majority of the British vote in Parliament would be fatal to such a measure. The House of Lords, which is conservative always, would vote it down and would at this time be sustained by English public opinion.

What, then, must Ireland do to secure the right to govern herself? Agitate, as Parnell and his friends did, within constitutional bounds. Force, if force were possible, would be the best method, but force is out of the question. Were the Irish armed and equipped and commanded as at Fontenoy, it might be to the interest of the British Government to grant their demands, but the grant would only be made to last until it could with safety be withdrawn. The English and the Irish peoples must become more and more blended. Their blood relationship and their business connections must become more and more intimate. The Irish temperament must be modified with English patience and perseverance, and English phlegm warmed into sympathy with Irish needs.

And why not? There are to-day Smiths going to mass and O'Connells going to the meeting house. When they shall be tolerant of each other in religious matters then there will be hope for Ireland.

The Irish church has of late shown itself to be especially a church militant to the great satisfaction of those who delight in

pointing out that priestcraft is the bane of the Irish cause. The best friends of the poor people of that unhappy country are the parish priests. They are not only friends, but protectors and benefactors, and it is no wonder that their influence is well nigh supreme. For this very reason their responsibility is enormous. In their hands rest, more than in those of any other class, the fate of the agitation for Irish freedom. The mollifying effects of time and education must be relied on by the sensible Irish agitators of the future as of the past.

The Irish National League of America has still its duty to perform. Its obligations to the Irish party are no less binding upon it now than when Mr. Parnell lived and guided its affairs. Its object was to assist the Irish parliamentary party to carry on a campaign of education ; and, by securing a solid Irish vote in the House of Commons, make it to the interest of the rival English candidates for power to consult Irish wants. Let the good work go on, and by its powerful effect and the working of natural causes and apparent English political tendencies, Irish home rule will become a reality.

R. J. O'Mahony.

WHEN WE ARE GONE.

WHEN we are gone our places here on earth
Will soon be filled. Our dearest friends forget,
And sweetest music thrill the very hearts
That mourned for us. And in the same old way
The world will move, the birds as sweetly sing
The flowers bloom and die, the seasons bring
As they to-day unto our happy hearts
The richest fruits and flowers. The sun will shine
Upon the earth as fair, the rivers run
As swift, as clear, and every cloudless sky
Will be as bright, and all things everywhere
Will be the same as now. Kind friends and true
Will come to lovers then, their sorrows share
And lift the burdens from the hearts of men,
As dear, true friends to-day have come to us.
The world will be as bright, at times as dark ;
The joys of heaven the same ; eternity
Will still be just as long, when we are gone.

Al M. Hendee.

UNCLE HARRY'S PRAYER.



THE house-tops and streets of the village surrounding the old stone jail were filled with a gaping, anxious crowd, composed mainly of negroes, waiting with almost breathless silence to witness the execution of the negro murderer.

Grouped about the foot of the rough timbered gallows was a small guard of armed white men, talking and laughing among themselves with evident enjoyment, giving orders now and then to the struggling mass, who were pushing nearer to obtain a more advantageous position, to "Stan' back thar, you niggers, an' don't be ashovin' up here too clost."

Suddenly the crowd parted, making an avenue of humanity, while sounds of sympathy, and a hushed murmur of pity were heard, as the old mother of the condemned man made her way to the gallows, supported on each side by her nearest friends, conspicuous by their words of condolence, mingled with stray bits of Scripture—or at least what they supposed to be Biblical quotations—such as; "De Lord dun gie 'im ter yer, Sis Ca'line, an' de Lord gwine ter tek 'im erway." Another would then chime in with: "Yes, darlin, dat's so; fur dey ain't nary one o'dese 'ere sparrers whar draps ter de groun' lessen he knows all about hit." And again the deep voice of an old man who consolingly remarked as he familiarly patted the woman on her shoulder: "Ne'er mine, Sis' Ca'line, dish 'ere boy's dun gie ye trubbul an' no eend, an' de Lord knows yer 's gut er plenty mo' dat's ergwine ter live an' keep yer pestered ter de'th erbout, let 'lone makin' sich er mirashin an' er terdo ober dish 'ere triflin' rapscaillon."

But the mother refused to be comforted by these words, all the while sitting listlessly on the gallows' steps, swaying from side to side her aged decrepit body as she cried: "Oh, Lordy, my po' boy! is dis whut I raised yer fur, Josh? Is dis whut yer cum ter at las? Oh, Lordy massy, tek pity on dis one sinner, an' save m' Josh, my po' chile."

This pitiful sobbing and lamentation of the old woman was

interrupted by the clashing of an iron door, as it was thrown open, accompanied by a harsh rattle of chains proceeding from the interior of the jail, told the expectant assembly that the prisoner was on his way to the scaffold, taking his last walk on earth.

As he approached, walking between the sheriff and his deputy, the awful stillness was intense; and when the clock in the court house steeple overhead suddenly struck the hour there was a visible shudder among the people as they quickly turned their heads toward the place from whence the sound had issued. As the last stroke of the bell died away in echoes, and was yet lingering above in a soft, vibrating, almost indistinct tone, the prisoner and his attendants appeared on the platform. His arms were quickly pinioned, and the noose let down behind him, making a grim circle about his head, as it dangled in the soft breeze.

The sheriff motioned to Uncle Harry, the spiritual adviser of the prisoner, to proceed with the services. This old man was dressed in a yellow linen duster which reached away below his knees, while on his head rested an ancient bell-crowned white beaver hat—with the fur brushed the wrong way—its age no one could guess; and on the tip of his large flat nose rested a pair of immense silver-rimmed spectacles, tied on to his head by a shoestring, over which he solemnly looked with weak watery eyes at the assembly, as he fanned himself with a huge palm-leaf fan.

Uncle Harry's occupation had been, in years gone by, that of a "tree-topper"; but one day having fallen from the top of a large tree and broken both legs—which from poor attention at the time of the accident knitted together crooked and made his feet stand out at right angles to those twisted members—unfitted him for his profession of "clamin" and "toppin'" trees; so he, perforce, embraced the ministry, and was self-elected pastor of a colored flock—not of black sheep, literally, let us hope—which worshiped at a church known as the "Old Ship of Zion"; a crude edifice built by Uncle Harry himself, with his own money, and with such odds and ends of old lumber as he could buy or beg; consequently, the exterior of the building presented a somewhat startling appearance. A white pine board stood dove-tailed to one with the remnants of wall paper still clinging to it; while a thin yellow piece of ceiling with the paint peeling off in huge flakes stood fixed by large nails for all time alongside a thick greasy plank from the floor of some warehouse. The bell-tower was simply four upright timbers, uncovered, which supported a cracked bell that the good old pastor rang himself to call to worship his congregation, who clung to the old custmo of

shouting and congregational praise, and who were opposed to the new-fangled ideas of some colored brethren who wished to teach them in a more enlightened way the beauties of that religion they loved so well. But this congregation would have none of it, even setting forth that fact by singing frequently a "hyme," the last lines of which gave them great satisfaction, for it was sung with much energy as tho' proclaiming to any advocate of a new doctrine who might hear their song, that

"De ole time r'ligin,
De ole time r'ligin,
De ole time r'ligin 's good ernuf fur me."

Uncle Harry could not read, so the Bible he carried on this occasion was useless, but it gave him great comfort "des ter hole hit in 'm han'," as he expressed it. He stepped to the front of the platform at the summons, removed his hat which he placed carefully on the floor beside his crooked walking-stick, and as the hot sun shone on his black, bald head, he cleared his throat with a loud, forced cough, and in a very low tone, while casting his eyes well over the assembly, said:

"I notuses wid considerbul pain er right peert sprinklin' o' niggers in dish 'ere congregashin dat 'll do well ter pay sum 'tenshin ter deseghyar *oservements*, an' ter lakwise jine in de singin'; kase dar'm no tellin' when an' whar dey'll git in de same fixins whar dish 'ere nigger boy dun gut hissef in; an', let 'lone dat, dar's 'nuf room in de sinner's heart fur de gospul, whedder he's ersettin' up in de amend cornder o' de chu'ch, or whedder he's jis triflin' his time erway foolin' 'round er hangin'. Darfo', hit doan mek no manner er diffunce whar ye heers de word, all yer gut to do is ter pay 'tenshin—dat's all; des pay 'tenshin.

"Now mine whut I tells yer, kaze I ben seed in my time 'nuf niggers hung ter stock er good plantashin, an' nary one ob 'em, not er solingtary one ob 'em wud er cum ter dat eend ef dey hadder paid 'tenshin—'tenshin ter de gospul word whar hit ses "Cum" ter de cry ob de rerdeemin' Savior whar hit ses ter white an' black, high an' low, rich an' po', republikins an' sinners, ever whar hit ses strong es er stump puller, loud es thunder, "Ter dem whar wants ter cum, let 'em cum," an' es shore es yer air borned, dem whar *pays 'tenshin* ter de cry *air er cummin'*. Dey's lots an' cords ob 'em whars dun cum ercross aready, an' dey's lots an' cords ob 'em dat pays 'tenshin 's gwine ter cum yit; but ter dem whar doan pay no 'tenshin, dem's de sort dat ain't er cummin', an' whut's mo', er yoke o' Squar Stannard's oxins cyarnt pull 'em dar, nudder, ef dey doan pay no 'tenshin ter *me*."

A voice cried out; "Yas, Lord! dat's de trufe!" which in-



BRER HIRAM, A NOTED "SONGSTER,"

terruption caused Uncle Harry to continue with greater vehemence, as though his statement regarding the paying of attention to the Word had been doubted.

"Trufe? *trufe?* co'se hit's de trufe; an' whut's mo', my peeples, hit's de *gospul trufe* ter boot; dat hit is. I tells yer dis kaze I knows, an' ef I doan know, nary one o' you niggers does.

"So wid dese few remarks we'll open de 'casion o' de'th by singin' dat ole hyme, 'I'm Gwine on High.' Brer Hiram 'll raise de chune, an' es yer

all knows hit, let everybody, ole an' young, jine in de singin', an' les giv dis po' nigger's soul, whar's ergittin' ready ter fly 'way f'm hyar, er long lonesome far'well, ter de Gol'en Kingdom."

Brer Hiram, a noted "songster," being thus requested, pitched the hymn in a minor key, singing one line alone, while the vast assembly sang in unison each alternate line, and joined heartily in the grand harmonious chorus.

De debble an' his angels tryin' mi'ty hard,
I hyar de angels singin',
 Ter 'stroy de sojers ob de Lord,
I hyars de angels singin';
 But Peter an' Saul, an' ole Marse Paul,
I hyar de angels singin',
 Gwine to whup dem angels, debble an' all,
I hyars de angels singin'.

CHORUS—I'm gwine on high,
 I'm gwine on high,
 I'm gwine on high,
 Fur I hyars dem angels singin'.

Es I wus er walkin' 'round one day,
I hyar de angels singin',

De debble ax me whut fur I pray,
I hyar de angels singin';
 I up an' tole 'im fur my soul,
I hyar de angels singin'.
 An' I lef dat ole debble out in de cole,
I hyars de angels singin'.

CHO.—I'm gwine on high, etc.

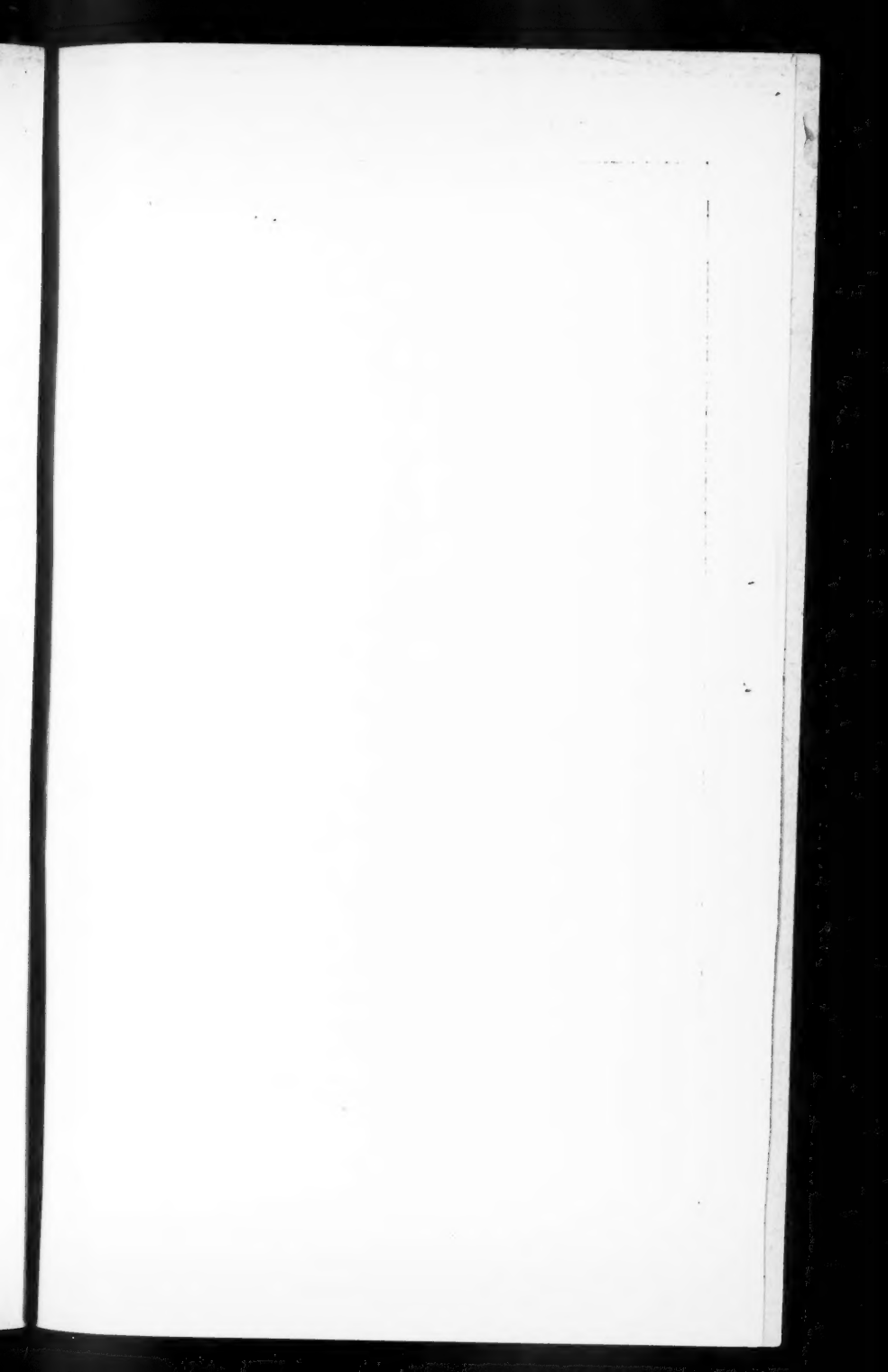
Es I was lookin' up one night,
I hyar de angels singin'.
 I seed fo' hosses dressed in white,
I hyars de angels singin'.
 A pullin' er cha'ott all on fiah,
I hyar de angels singin'.
 An' de voice ob de Lord say, "Cum up higher,"
I hyar de angels singin'.

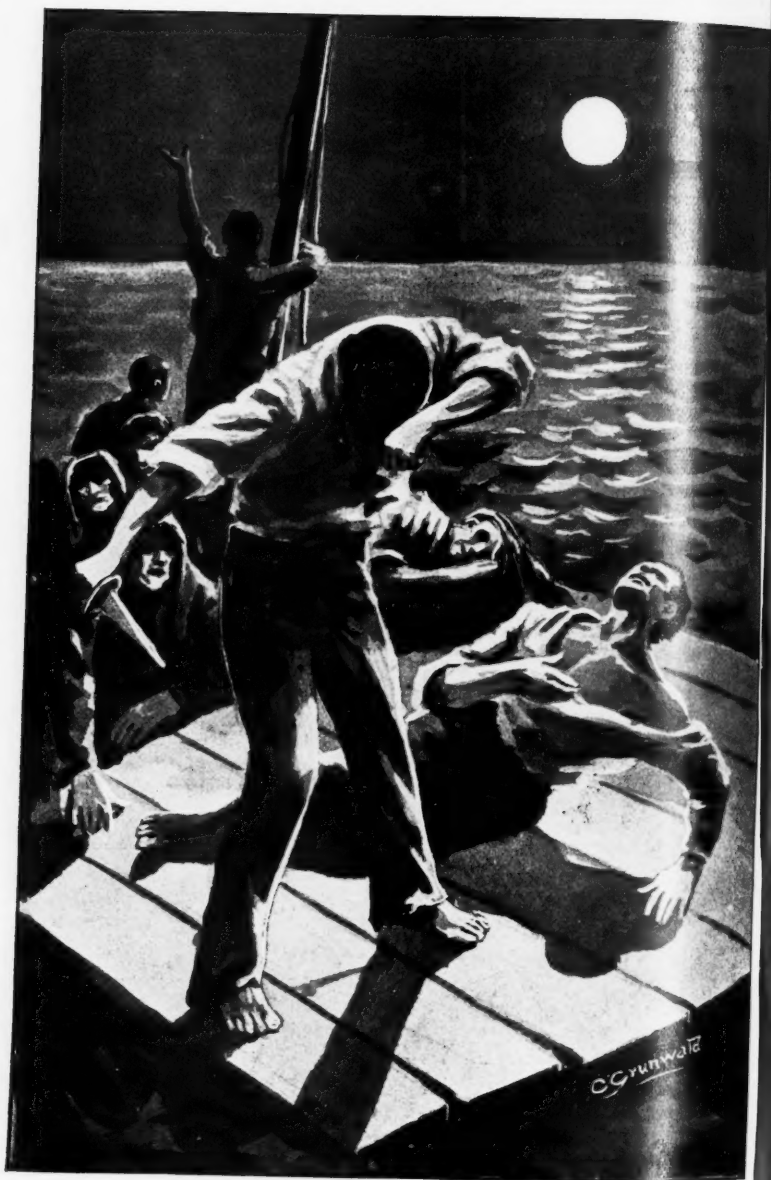
CHO.—I'm gwine on high, etc.

During the singing of the hymn, in which every negro present joined, the man for whom it was sung began to be visibly frightened, having shown previous to the singing a stolid indifference to his awful fate; he trembled violently, rolling his blood-shot eyes in every direction as though appealing to the confused mass of heads beneath him for some means of escape or deliverance from his impending doom. He nervously clasped and unclasped his hands, gulping with a dry sound as though to swallow the lump which rose in his throat, then gasping for breath as though he were suffocating. His whole aspect was pitiable to behold; his color changed perceptibly to a faint ashiness that suffused his neck and ears; his lips, which were thick and colorless and cracked with dryness, quivered, as he, too, attempted to sing the old hymn he knew so well, and had heard so often before at the quaint little church. His anguish now was such that his legs, in their trembling weakness, refused to support him longer, and he was slowly sinking to the platform when Uncle Harry, with upstretched hands, and in a sepulchral voice, said:

"Less us all nunite in pra'r."

The negroes nearest the foot of the gallows fell to their knees, while those in the rear simply bared their heads to the heat of the sun and stood in an attitude of devout humility. When the rustle thus made by the assembly had ceased, Uncle Harry, as is the universal custom among old-time negro preach-





"DESPAIR HAD WARPED THEIR SOULS, AND HATE ALONE"

ers, began his prayer for the soul of the doomed man in a low, musical voice. The awful stillness, which was appalling, was broken only by the sobs of the grief-stricken mother, as the old preacher said :

"Oh, Lord, our Heavenly Father, we's hyar dis ebernin' ter

"LESS US ALL NUNITE IN PRAY'R.



put up de las' word ter yer fur dish 'ere po', obstreperous nigger boy, whar de sher'ff's gwine ter hang terreckly by dat air rope er twirlin' an' er swingin' dar ; and we's hyar ter ax yer, Marster ob de Lan', ter tek 'im as yore lo'ly sarvant on t'other side o' Jordin's mossy bank, whar dar's no mo' cuttin' an' cussin' ; no mo' co'te houses an' jails ; whar dar's no mo' nashin' o' teeth, an' a

moanin' ob de widders, an' whar er nigger's gut de same chance ter shine in de glory ob de Lam' as er white pusson is ; whar de wicked uns stop dey worry, and de tired uns sets down an' rests in de shade ob de obnispent 'Deemer's love."

His voice here was louder, and you felt, crude as his language was, the earnestness of his prayer, and that he seemed to be making an appeal to some visible being for this criminal, who, as he crouched in his misery on the rough planks of the scaffold, now mingled his moans with the tears of his mother.

"So, darfo," continued the old man, with much earnestness, "dat's why we's hyar, an' dat's whut meks me ax yer, Lord—er, ain' yer please, sar, Marster, gwine ter 'ceive de soul ob de departin' trabbler, whars gut nuthin' ter guide 'im, an' yit mo', Lord, er, nobody nuver is tole 'im whicherway de heabenly gates is, whedder dey's daterway or diserway or over yander or whicherway. An', oh, King! yo' er asettin' high, an' er lookin' lo', an' dar's powerful little wickedness an' sinnin' gwine on in dish 'ere town lessen yo' knows all erbout hit, an' I'se tried time and no eend ter tell bofe white and black dat de way ter de heabenly kingdom ain't thu de jail an' co'tehouse, no mo', Lordy, Marster, is hit thu de gallus eend ; an' yit, Lordy, ter pint out de way an' fine hit, too, fur de traipsin', trompin' sinner is er heap easier said den dun. Sum folkes fines hit ob deysefs—mos'ly de white folks—an' den ergin yerthers doan fine hit ef yer puts er bline bridle on 'em and leads 'em squar plum ergin dat gate, an' dey's mos'ly niggers. Sich er un is dish 'ere po' boy whar wus borned in wickedness and raised in Davie county.

"His daddy, Lord, wus jis lak 'im fur de worrel, and dish 'ere boy's des de spi'te an' image o' dat air nigger. Why, Lord, I 'members de time dat air nigger cum thu dish 'ere ve'y town in er slave train, an' 'us bid in by de younges' o' de Bailey boys, an' I heerd 'im say, Lord, time an' no eend, dat dish 'ere boy's daddy wus de nocountes' nigger man whar he had on de place, an' wus'nt wu'th er bushel o' seed oats fur nuthin', 'ceptin' takin' o' drams ; dem's de ve'y words I heerd 'im speak, long fo' de s'render, an' afo' dish 'ere boy wus borned, even. So things went 'long, an' dat nigger man gut hisself in so many tanglements dat Mars Cap Bailey des 'bleeged ter sell 'im, an' so he 'us bought an' cum ter dis county. An' so, Lord, 'twarnt long attar s'render tell dat nigger gut cut all ter pieces in one o' his cyarins on, an' lef' hyar, an' I nuver is heerd whut did becomst of 'im, but I'll bet he nuver cum ter no good eend wharsomever he is, fur ef dar ever wus er nigger on top side de soil dat nuver paid no 'tenshin, dat nigger wus dish 'ere boy's daddy.

"So des think, Lordy, wid sich er daddy es dat, whut kin

yer 'spect ob er pusson, let lone er nigger? Now, Lord, I des ax ye, whut does yer 'spect? An' when yer 'members, Marster, dat er nigger wid a knife or pistul in his han', an' er bottle o' lick in his pocket, gamblin' an' takin' drams all de livelong day, is wu'se dan er el'phunt; wu'se dan one er dese ere bushy liens in de show; wu'se dan er mad-dog yit; he's des natchully wu'se dan anything, an' he des doan know whut he's up ter; an' dat's de trufe, de blessed trufe, dis ve'y minnit."

At the conclusion of this sentence a shrill female voice cried out: "Yas, Lord, dat's de trufe, sho'ly!" as though to testify to the veracity of Uncle Harry's statement, who, in continuing, had evidently listened to the judge's charge to the jury that had tried the case, for he reviewed the crime and testimony at that time, saying:

"Now, Lord, I knows dat de law is de law wharsomever an' whenst ye fines hit, an' I ain't gut nuthin' ter say ergin *dat*; but hit do look ter me dat when er fool nigger gits ter ra'rin' roun drunk an' kickin' up Jack lak dey's sumbody, dat dar ought ter be folkes dar des to grab 'em an' fling 'em in de callyboose, an' lock 'em up in dar 'twel dey gits sober; dat dey ought, kaze er nigger ain't gut much sense when dey's cole sober, let 'lone when dey's full ob mean, tanglefoot, wildcat whisky.

"So, King A'mighty, dish 'ere nigger gut drunk one day las fall, an' fus news yer knowed he'd dun slapt er knife in er ne'er nigger an' kilt 'im, leaswise dat's whut dey tells me, an' dat's whut de judge say de reason he gwine ter hang 'im. Needer one ob 'em, do', had paid any manner o' tenshin' ter yer word an' *demandments*; dey bofe un 'em kep' up sich er terdo, and sich outlandish cyarins on, tell now whar is dey? I tells yer, mun, one ob 'em's dead an' buried long ergo, an' hyars t'other un, an' he's jis' es good es dead, fur dar ain't no hope fur 'im ter git out o' dis scrape in de worrel, an' ef yo' doan tek care ob 'im, Lord, hit's des sartin an' sho' whar he's gwine; des es sartin as de sun is shinin'. He's gwine ter de debble on er dead run, an'll be met harf way ef yo'll b'leeve me. Dat's whar dis nigger's gwine, Lordy, when de sher'ff gits dun 'ith 'im ef yo' doan let down yer mussy, tek 'im in an' save dat soul."

"Now, Lordy," continued the old man, in a pleading tone, "des tu'n yer year an' lissen ter yer ole slave whar's er beggin' yer, des give de grace ob de Lam' down. Doan let hit cum lak er little sprinklin' o' rain, des ter lay de dus' ob dis worrel's wick-ednuss; but let down sich er rain o' grace dat's nuver be'n seed afo'; sich er rain dat'll sweep dese hyar niggers an' white folkes, too; sweep 'em up by de roots an' c'yar 'em on in de great freshet ob de Savior's love down de river o' 'pentunce an' lodge

'em up agin de pillers ob de big bridge o' heaben, same as de 'Adkin river do when hit gits up in de spring o' de year an' lodges so many co'n stalks an' logs an' one thing an' 'nuther agin de pillers o' de long bridge 'tell hit cums mi'ty nigh givin' 'way. Dat's de way, Lord, King and Marster ; dat's de way, jedge and jurors ob de worrel ; dat's de way, p'licemens an' sher'ff ob de nunitied county ob Rowan ; dat's de way I wants ter see niggers' souls piled up agin de heabenly gates, 'tell yo'll cum out, Lord, an' say : 'Cum in hyar, yo' niggers, fo' yo' break down dem gates.'

"An' now, Lordy, hit's agittin' clost on ter de time o' de 'scushin, an' dar ain't many mo' minits lef' fur me ter des ax yer, King A'mighty, ef des ole nigger, yer sarvant, Marster, hes ever dun eny good in de work he's be'n er doin' ; ef he's ever saved a soul by de warnin' ob his pra'rs ; ef he's ever made er nigger's soul es white es snow, an' puer es gole, by de dippin' ob 'em in de town creek, an' awashin' ob 'em by de savin' means ob de blood ob de Lam' ; ef he's dun airy one ob dese things, des lissen den, Marster, an' tek an' 'tect dis fleetin' speeret, an' put 'im in de buzzum o' Aberham, fur hit's bad ernuf, Lord, to be hung in dish 'ere worrel, let 'lone losin' yer soul in de worrel ter cum.

"All dis we asks in de name ob de Father, Son an' Holy Speeret furever mo', peace be wid yer fum dis time for'ard hence fo'th, an' fur other things which we air mutch obleeged, Lord, keep us and keer fur us, world 'ithout eend. Amen."

At the conclusion of the prayer, and while the spectators were rising from their knees, the noose was quickly adjusted about the neck of the prisoner, the sheriff dropped his handkerchief as a signal to the executioner to cut the rope holding up the heavy trap on which the man was standing. The sharp blow of the hatchet which severed the rope, a loud clash of the falling planks, and the body was suspended, whirling slowly and slowly around, as the kinks in the rope untwisted. But above the clashing of the trap as it fell, and the screams of the negroes crying in their terrible excitement, "Far'well, po' soul, we'll meet on high," and other similar expressions, was heard the piercing, heart-rending shriek of the mother, as she fell down on her face.

The moving of the rude pine board coffin to receive the body told that the law had been complied with.

Charles Ernest Shober.

THE VERDICT IN THE CASE OF DR. NERF.

IT is exaggerating but slightly to say that all Louisville was agitated over this peculiar verdict. The peculiar interest and social demoralization, however, were a natural sequence to the mistrust engendered by the whole proceedings.

Society was in a mental whirl, the unwontedness of which rendered it more intoxicating than Terpsichorean or Bacchanalian revels; and many of its members, not hitherto given to capital introspection, were diligently, if randomly, studying their own intellects and the intellects of their friends after a standard set up by the experts in the case of Armstrong vs. Nerf, the summary and sinister proceedings in which I am about to recount.

The body of the charge, forming the *corpus delicti* of the suit, consisted of—before it had ramified into the intricacies of a legal contest—the grave and unadvised statement on the part of Dr. Nerf to the members of the Pendennis Club that Mr. Armstrong, a fellow-member, had confessed to him, professionally, to being possessed of an insane longing to poison the entire club, and to having been deterred from the fatal deed only by the providential absence of one or more members upon every occasion that would have served as an opportunity. To say that so sensational an accusation electrified that blase body of uppertendom is only a faint intimation of the social upheaval that followed.

Had David Armstrong challenged Dr. Nerf to mortal combat it would have been deplored, of course, but certainly not condemned, and very probably not interfered with; or had he denounced it as a case of blackmail he doubtless would have found sympathizers; but when it had been ascertained that his first calm was not a mask, but was almost superhuman charity, and that his answer to this terrible accusation was simply a counter-charge of insanity, he had been on the point of social deification.

But such a state of affairs! Think of it! . . . Two young men, prominent members of society, fellow-members of the exclusive Pendennis and life-long friends, suddenly arrayed against each other—not with pistol or sword—but with a weapon that was surely an innovation in the code of duelling warfare. Their attitudes toward each other were as if each said, "I do not demand your honor or your life, but your responsibility in the sight of man."

The best talent attainable had been secured on either side,

and specialists of nervous diseases summoned as expert witnesses, while the question, sprung in the Pendennis circle pending the case, was not "which of their two uniquely duelling members was of unsound mind," but whether, "in the scales of expert testimony, any of themselves were of perfect mental equipoise." This contagion of mistrust had seeped through those eclectic walls and spread rapidly through society, resulting in a social demoralization that made the winter of '87 a season of realistic fads and crazes.

The case was necessarily a peculiar one, hardly more so on account of the attitude of the litigants than that of their counsels. Contrary to the ordinary legal routine, no depositions had been taken, no preparations made; but each antagonist had come upon the field with weapon, surgeon and second, in other words, had come into the court-room with counsel, friends, and expert witnesses, and fought their fight *a mort* in a single bout.

To drop metaphor for legal parlance and change tenses for the sake of convenience, the counsel for neither side seemed to deem it incumbent upon himself to prove the sanity of his own client, but the insanity of the other's; and, recognizing that there was no third horn of compromise to his client's dilemma, each seized the palindromic signification of the *versus* clause and made the trial *de facto* if not *de jure* one of double prosecution.

The physical and metaphysical facts in regard to the young men, as brought out by the investigation, were as follows:

David Armstrong; profession, law; age, thirty years; complexion, fair; temperament, excitable; honor, unimpeachable; ancestry, untainted save by eccentricity on the part of an avuncular relative several generations removed; standing accused by Dr. Nerf of having confessed, under the seal of the latter's profession, to a homicidal impulse which so dominated him as to destroy his freedom of will and render a manifold tragedy contingent upon so fortuitous a detail as opportunity.

Dr. Nerf; profession, specialist of nervous diseases; age, twenty-nine years; complexion, dark; temperament, melancholic; honor, unimpeachable; ancestry, strongly marked by hereditary nervousness; standing counter-accused by David Armstrong of a false and irresponsible charge emanating from a brain disordered by excessive and injudicious study.

The two first headings of Esquirol's classification of insanity, melancholia and monomania, afforded the lawyers each a target for his psychological darts pointed with expert testimony, and the contest began with Dr. Nerf's counsel accumulating evidence of David Armstrong's homicidal insanity which revealed itself in

the form of monomania as to the carrying out of his nefarious designs ; while Armstrong's counsel heaped up proofs to establish Dr. Nerf as a victim of melancholia, resulting from temperament, mode of living and character of occupation.

The contest began this way, but how it continued, with mixed and interchangeable terms, with the same authorities cited for and against the contestants, and ended with a confused verdict by a bewildered jury, can not be told so briefly. A clew, however, may be found in a comparison of the two phases of insanity known as melancholia and monomania, the differentiating characteristics of which are more clearly marked in the first stage than later on.

For instance, Esquirol defines melancholia as, "Perversion of the understanding in regard to one object or a small number of objects, with the preponderance of *sadness or depression of mind*;" and monomania as, "Perversion of understanding limited to a single object or small number of objects, with preponderance of *mental excitement*."

Dr. Nerf's counsel, in a brief and earnest address, devoid of polemics and pyrotechnics, explained his client's false position and scientifically considered the circumstances leading thereto :

"Mr. Armstrong, the former friend and patient of his client, had confessed to that client in a professional interview to being possessed of an insane longing to poison the entire club of which both were members, and to having been deterred only by the absence of one or more members upon every occasion that had offered an opportunity. The case was not an extraordinary one, not even unique, indeed not exceptional in the opinion of those versed in the infinite phenomena manifested in insanity. Monomania, as the term signified, meant derangement upon a single subject, and a person at all acquainted with this phase of mental unsoundness knew with what tenacity a monomaniac clings to the minutest detail of reasoning in regard to, or of carrying out, his delusion or purpose. Wonder was frequently excited at a suicide's choice of instruments of death ; when a drop of prussic acid, an overdose of chloral, morphine, laudanum, or an opiate of almost any nature could aid him so painlessly in shuffling off this mortal coil, one shuddered at the rusty lacerating knife, the strangling rope, the asphyxiating gas, the convulsive poison. But if the victim of such a purpose conceived that he must die by the blade of a rusty knife, an excalibur would be no temptation to him ; if he must die at the end of a rope made of knotted strips of cloth, a noose of Russian hemp would be rejected ; if some agonizing poison were his chosen fate, he would scorn a Lethean draught readier to his

hand. And in each of these chance instances a world of patience, perseverance and strategy would be displayed in securing the coveted instrument, means or opportunity.

"Was there anything to wonder at, then, in David Armstrong's being withheld from his deadly purpose by the absence of first this member of the club, then that one, and biding his time until his desire might have a complete fulfillment? Providentially the concomitant circumstances had never been exactly such as he had arranged in his disordered mind; and instead of the world's being called upon to witness the consummation of a plan which, with all the cunning of a monomaniac, he long had kept confined in his own bosom, brooded over and concealed, his conscience condemned the act his will was powerless to forbid, and in an agony of fear and remorse he had rushed to a physician and flung the burden from his own irresponsible shoulders.

"Was it difficult to conceive of such a disorder in the vigorous intellect of David Armstrong? Could such a state of mind exist without any outward evidence of it? M. Baillarger, the eminent French metaphysician, put a quietus upon such doubts in his assurance that 'there exists a very great number of cases in which the perversion of intellect is limited to one idea, or series of ideas, always the same, that often this perversion exists without being suspected, and does not involve any disorder, and that without the confession of the patient one would know nothing of his struggles against an idea which has finally mastered him.'

"That David Armstrong, taking advantage of an interval of frustrated opportunities to confess a subjugated will, should have appealed to Dr. Nerf, a friend, a fellow-clubman, and above all, a specialist of mental troubles, was a wise and natural proceeding; Dr. Nerf's hasty warning without corroboration was also a natural but very unwise proceeding. The denial and consequent dilemma was a result such as he might have anticipated had not his sense of caution been swallowed up in horror at the danger threatening his friends and in overzealousness in averting it.

"If any one questioned a monomaniac's power to conceal the particular manifestation of his insanity, Haslam might be cited as authority for the declaration, that 'monomaniacs have sometimes such a high degree of control over their minds that when they have any particular purpose to carry out they will affect to renounce their opinions which have been judged inconsistent and will dissemble their resentment until a favorable opportunity to gratify their revenge.'"

A sense of injustice came near overwhelming the eloquent advocate as he dwelt upon the cost at which his client had warned his friends of the terrible purpose of a madman in their midst, and he wound up with a peroration of climax: "Woe to you, members of the Pendennis Club, if you refuse to be warned by words uttered at the risk of that which is dearer than life itself—liberty! Liberty of mind and body!"

Armstrong's counsel, unmoved by any sense of injustice—on the contrary, exhilarated by the malevolence of circumstances that had turned a foe's steel against himself—undertook the rebuttal calmly, with a trifle of amusement and cynicism in his tone, and argued the case, not in an able defense of his own, but in a sarcastic attack upon his opponent's, client.

"It was difficult," he said, "to convince a child that had been whirling around till the dizziness of its own head made things revolve topsy-turvily that the motion was confined to itself; but for the mother, through affectionate championship or what not, to persist in sharing its credulity was reducing the affair *ad absurdum*.

"Before Dr. Nerf chose his specialty it would have been as well, perhaps, for him to have considered whether hereditary nervousness was a recommendation to a specialist of nervous diseases. Toothache was not generally conceded to be an advantage to a dentist, nor defective eyes to an oculist. It was a well-known fact that a medical student has every disease encountered in his first course of study, but the student of insanity is the victim of a still more pernicious proneness to apply all his amateurish theories of mental unsoundness to his friends and acquaintances.

"What wonder, then, that Dr. Nerf, physically unfit for such a specialty, should be morbidly impressed by a complete absorption in the study of insanity, and should drift into a condition of mind in which a false action of conception or judgment led him most conscientiously and reluctantly astray? Far-fetched? Not according to Dr. Hammond's authoritative statement, in general application of this theory, that 'the patient sets out from a false principle, from which, however, he reasons correctly, and from which he draws the legitimate conclusions which modify the actions of his will. Aside from this partial perversion of the understanding, he feels, acts and reasons as does a sane man, . . . the false, erroneous, and whimsical convictions being the basis of that perversion of the intelligence which Esquirol calls intellectual monomania.'"

He craved pardon for so summarily returning the technical sobriquet bestowed upon his client and advised that his oppo-

nent add to the numerous titles his own client already bore that of 'Monomaniac.

"He did not intend," he protested, "to repudiate his original and euphemistic indictment of Victim of Melancholia; but as the case had progressed and un hoped-for disclosures had been made, he found that the term was not comprehensive enough, and he would have to trespass upon his opponent's domain of expert testimony.

"Hammond and Esquirol termed the condition of mind just stated, Intellectual Monomania, and the victim of it might naturally be termed an intellectual monomaniac, thus enabling them to differentiate between their clients as Monomaniac and Intellectual Monomaniac instead of Victim of Monomania and Victim of Melancholia respectively.

"As additional weight to his later, more advanced and comprehensive theory, he would cite Bucknill and Tuke as authority for the statement that 'monomania is characterized by some particular illusion or erroneous conviction imposed upon the understanding, and giving rise to a partial aberration of judgment, the individual affected being rendered incapable of thinking correctly on subjects connected with the particular illusion, while in other respects he betrays no palpable disorder of the mind.'

"How could a briefer or more charitable explanation of Dr. Nerf's monstrous malignment of his friend be given than by attributing it to intellectual monomania? That the unfortunate young man conscientiously believed the extraordinary confession to have been made to him was not doubted for a moment, as was plainly demonstrated by all rejection of suspicion of blackmail; but the most ample mantle of Charity could not hide the source of such a false, erroneous, and whimsical fancy. How long this fancy, this illusion, had been conceived, formulated and cherished in the diseased imagination of Dr. Nerf, no one could possibly hazard any guess; for the shrewd monomaniac, made inestimably cunning by his knowledge of insanity, its simulations and dissimulations, might have reasoned wisely as to the world's probable incredulity of what, from his false premises, seemed so patent; and while he remained loyal to his delusion, he possibly concealed it as long as his conscience, which was in no wise diseased, permitted him; then, without any warning to his friends and associates, save what might have been, but was not, inferred from his gloom and melancholy, his injudicious immersion in the study of his specialty, and his reckless disregard of all physiological laws, he excitedly unburdened his breast of the criminal secret he believed to have been confided and harbored there.

"To this hypothetical case which was frankly admitted to be a mere hypothesis, but one founded upon scientifically and historically established premises, he would beg leave to add the climax of plausibility by using once more and for the last time a bit of collateral evidence found in expert testimony to the fact, that 'although quite confident of his insane notions, the monomaniac not infrequently has some imperfect consciousness of his want of sanity, or, what is more probable, is able to appreciate the opinions which others would be apt to entertain of it were the real state of his convictions made known; hence, he will conceal it carefully from the knowledge of others, and when his delusion has become so intense as to have got the mastery over his judgment, it will be found that he has long secretly cherished this insane notion while mingling unsuspected in the world.'"

During the absence of the jury Armstrong sat calm and unaffected beneath the curious stares of those who were endeavoring to trace in his countenance and bearing the evidences of insanity that had sounded so plausible in the utterance. Dr. Nerf, on the contrary, seemed irritated by the scrutiny, and his mobile face reflected an internal tumult that filled his counsel and friends with grave apprehension of the result of a verdict that should even reflect upon his fitness for his profession, to say nothing of questioning his responsibility in the sight of his fellow men.

With keener sensibilities than his whilom friend possessed, and with a more familiar and intelligent knowledge of the arguments used and theories advanced, the case would have been an absorbingly interesting one to Dr. Nerf as a mere auditor or witness; but when one considers the vital personal interest he had in it, it is not difficult to imagine the tension upon his highly strung nervous organism. A physical comparison would be to liken him to a hypnotized anatomist seized upon for a subject of minute dissection before a circle of gaping students.

The verdict, as rendered by the jury after a quarter of an hour's absence, was: "We, the jury summoned *de lunatico inquirendo* in the case of Armstrong vs. Nerf, find Dr. Nerf to be insane upon the subject of insanity." * * * A monomaniac upon his own specialty! Was there ever so sinister a verdict?

"A bad quarter of an hour happily ended!" Armstrong observed with a laugh and shrug.

"Take care that you don't hollo before you get out of the woods," suggested his ex-counsel.

"And you take care," he hissed, "lest in placing a physician where he can pursue his specialty, you may be given an opportunity to study the legal phases of the subject."

"You unscrupulous villain!"

"You brilliant—sophist!"

They left the court-room without attracting any notice; curiosity, interest, and sympathy were centered upon the victim of the Nemesical verdict.

It was thought best to hurry Dr. Nerf away from indignant friends and sympathizing acquaintances; and he was placed, strongly guarded, in a close carriage and driven to the State institution a few miles outside the city. Arrangements for his removal to a private sanitarium could be made later, the one necessary thing at the moment being immediate separation from his exciting surroundings.

During the drive of half a dozen miles or more through the frosty air, Dr. Nerf had time to become rebellious at his fate. He repulsed all efforts at conversation made by the one friend permitted to accompany him, and sat nervously tapping the floor with his feet or feverishly drinking in deep draughts of cold air pouring in through the shattered window-pane—the work of an irritable moment when hindered by the guard from lowering the sash.

Dr. Nerf's professional advice to a man situated as was himself would have been to calmly and philosophically accept his fate until time, skilled observation, and justice should right the wrong perpetrated by an ignorant jury whose opinions had been based upon the most plausible sounding of arguments equally vague to them; but prescription and practice are not synonymous terms in a physician's vocabulary, and Dr. Nerf permitted himself to be governed by emotion rather than reason.

When the party reached the asylum and were ushered into the superintendent's office, they found the doctor engaged with a more self-evident case of insanity. Seating themselves to await their turn, they observed the process of initiation into this great hospital for diseased or wrecked minds.

The fellow was an unkempt, ferocious-looking creature, and the superintendent was not long in assigning him to his proper ward. Evidently, it was not cases of that sort that it was difficult to classify.

An attendant was summoned—a small wiry man with keen eyes and a quiet manner—and he went up to the lunatic, fixing his attention with a slow, steady, but not obtrusive gaze, and said: "Come!" The lunatic arose and followed the attendant, to the very great astonishment of the guards who had brought him there in chains.

"Mind over matter," Dr. Nerf commented aside to his friend, then added to himself: "If they try any of that mesmeric tomfoolery on me I'll strike them."

The superintendent received Dr. Nerf and his party with a few courteous remarks and inquiries, glanced over the inquest of lunacy, frowned and several times opened his lips as if about to speak, but closed them again, and touched an electric bell with a protracted pressure that brought an immediate response.

This second attendant was an athletic young fellow of magnificent proportions. His countenance was open and jolly, and after a courtesy to all present he strode up to the friend of Dr. Nerf and ejaculated jovially, "Shure and ye'll be an illigant addition to our noine."

Uproarious laughter filled the room, shared in even by the gentleman visibly consternated at being mistaken for a lunatic, while the sudden reactions of emotion made Dr. Nerf laugh almost hysterically.

The superintendent, not knowing how far the Irishman's intuition and wit were responsible for this opportune and diverting error, assumed it to be necessary to introduce him to his new charge. As they left the room together—the attendant's broad hand resting with invisible but tangible force on Dr. Nerf's shoulder—the friend said with affected lightness, "Keep up your spirits, old fellow, it won't be for long."

His only reply was a bitter glance at the big attendant at his side and the cynical comment, "Matter over mind."

Outside the door he yielded to the angry rebelliousness surging within him and came to an obstinate standstill, in order to compel the physical force he scorned. He very soon felt it—and moved on in helpless rage. Coming to a broad flight of stone steps he refused to lift his feet, indulging himself in caprices that often cast doubt upon the soundest of minds.

"Shure now, don't do that," said the brawny Irishman; "faith, but I'll have to pick ye up and carry ye loike a baby."

This effectually quelled any spirit of resistance and stirred up pride to a course of action which reason and will would have dictated and carried out under less irritating circumstances.

The days that followed were trying ones for patient, attendant and physicians. None of the amusements amused Dr. Nerf; he declined to take part in any form of recreation; and he demanded, implored, and even sought to bribe, books that would have been poison to his overwrought mind.

His heart and soul were in his profession, and the wasted moments of a confined and unemployed life exasperated him. "Oh, for some books, books!" he exclaimed aloud one day in his impatience.

"There they are by the dozen, books, papers, magazines," a fellow-patient replied, pointing to a table.

"Trash!" he exclaimed irritably. "I want scientific, metaphysical works, treatises on insanity, nervous diseases, psychological—"

"Well, now! don't you think that would be rather heroic homeopathy?"

Dr. Nerf paused and regarded his fellow-patient with an amused interest, not having anticipated so lucid a remark from such a source; and Jo, an ex-lawyer, a wag, a general favorite, and a foolish, sometimes troublesome, but an altogether harmless fellow, continued in a drawling, nasal tone, "What do you want with books full of cranks, anyway, when you've got a whole houseful of 'em?"

"Jo," murmured Dr. Nerf, admiringly, "If I were a Cedric you should be my Wamba."

"Because I'm not such a fool as I look?" Jo queried with a chuckle, and shuffled away in his loose untidy garments, content at having won appreciative recognition of the stranded bit of a once bright mind wrecked on a fiery sea of alcohol.

His words, however, were more fruitful than he could have comprehended. Dr. Nerf, discovering in the advice a mode of utilizing his imprisonment for the good and possible aggrandizement of his beloved profession, forgot his wrongs and humiliation in the absorbing object-study he at once began.

He accosted a fellow-patient who, like himself, declined all routine amusements and recreations, but who, unlike himself, seemed brimful of merriment in a subdued sort of way and at a distance. He inquired his name.

"I'm called Dynamite Dick," the man replied, moving away with visible uneasiness in eyes that laughed behind any and every expression.

"Are you going to the dance this evening?"

"No-o!" exploded Dynamite Dick, maintaining his body, however, as Dr. Nerf was amused to observe, in an exceedingly upright position and carrying his head in a peculiarly steady and level way.

"Why are you called 'Dynamite Dick,' and why do you hold yourself aloof from everybody?" the Doctor persisted with keen interest.

"Do you know anything about dynamite? . . . Well, . . . my head is heavily charged with it, and if I were to dance or play ball I should risk collisions, which might produce a concussion, which, in its turn, would cause an explosion—and where would I be? . . . Why, sir, reduced to an atomic theory."

Dr. Nerf's laughter brought still another patient upon the scene, and the newcomer remarked in a condescending tone,

"Our—ah—unfortunate friend has, I see, been narrating to you his extraordinary affliction. My own trouble is worse, however. To live in constant terror of one's home, one's bed, one's table, one's carriage being made a death-trap by the secret bombs of Nihilistic subjects is a more unavoidable danger than carrying the deadly explosive in one's own head."

"You are—?" Dr. Nerf queried hesitatingly.

"The Czar of Russia, serf!" his Highness thundered, but was appeased by the Doctor's mocking obeisance.

"A pleasant delusion, truly," sighed some one at his elbow, and he looked around at a short, obese man with bristly hair and sullen, shifting eyes. "I wish I could persuade myself that my transformation were in my imagination only."

"Another changeling of Fate's? Whose personality have you usurped?" he asked with the good-humored irony one is prone to use toward these whimsical victims of transgressed nature.

"I was turned into a hog, a groveling swine, the most loathsome of created brutes."

A feeling of repulsion seized Dr. Nerf as he looked at the man, and he found himself curiously wondering if the resemblance had suggested the delusion or the delusion effected the resemblance.

The man burst forth into violent imprecations, alternating with pathetic regrets that he had not been changed into a lion, a horse, a bird, or some other awesome or lovable animal.

The scene was growing too intense for highly strung nerves, when Jo, the wag, the coveted Wamba, suggested that their fellow-patient should have been turned into a goose and he would have felt more at home with himself.

Dr. Nerf's first lesson in object-study of insanity had proven both entertaining and instructive; and when he retired that night it was not with the wish that he might never awake to take up again the mired and tangled threads of his ruined life, but with a pleasant anticipation of the morning when he could resume his peculiar course of study without books.

While he was thus becoming not only reconciled to, but appreciative of, his position, the feelings, sympathy and indignation of his friends outside were waxing stronger and stronger, and were culminating in a writ of *habeas corpus* proceedings almost mature for execution.

Never before had Louisville's society people been so divided upon any question as upon this combination social, mental, and moral problem of responsibility and veracity between two of its most prominent members. Confidentially, there was danger of a split in the Pendennis Club, while Third and Fourth avenues,

Chestnut street and Broadway were transformed into a checker-board of speaking and non-speaking residents.

Dr. Nerf, unconscious of the turmoil in his outside world, continued the object-study of insanity, and became cheerful or melancholy according to the cases under his observation. Whimsical, fantastic victims of unrealized insanity were an unfailing source of amusement to him, while imbecility and idiocy repelled him, and acute mania excited his apprehension. But it was the victims of an obscure mental defectiveness that absorbed his interest and sympathy, and, in some instances, awakened his doubts of the justice of their incarceration. He had been unjustly immured in the walls of a lunatic asylum, why might they not have been also? After days of intimate association and eager observation, however, one by one these doubted victims revealed some diseased fancy of an otherwise sound and vigorous mind, and a feeling began to take possession of Dr. Nerf—a feeling not recognized, but ominous and depressing—that possibly he was not a competent judge of his own case, that—

He banished such feelings without analyzing them and sought companionship and the open air. He saw and joined a group of men sitting around a fountain pool, watched unobtrusively by an attendant not far away.

"Why so jubilant, Mack?" he inquired of a middle-aged man whose boyish enthusiasm over an imagined fortune excited him to capers unbecoming his years.

While the man gave a sensible and straightforward account of how his son had amassed great wealth in grain speculation—a plausible enough story until one learned that he had no son—a fellow-patient sat tapping his foot impatiently and flashing wrathful glances at the exuberant Mack. This man Dr. Nerf knew to be a man of fortune and position who had conceived the fancy that his income would support himself and family just six years, after which time they would all die of starvation if he did not succeed in easing them off by gentler means beforehand. Upon every other point he was intelligent and reasonable, and was a most competent and reliable man in business affairs, but this diseased fancy had developed a homicidal impulse toward his family, which rendered a sacrifice of his liberty necessary to their safety.

Observing his anger, Dr. Nerf said, with a nod toward the victim of the happy delusion, "Mack has a pretty vivid imagination, hasn't he?"

"It's the twaddle of just such fools as he that keeps me a prisoner here," he exclaimed with despairing impatience.

"My friend," said Mack cheerfully and in nowise offended,

"do you want to know the difference between me and you?
 . . . I am crazy and *know* it, you are crazy and *don't*."

Again Dr. Nerf felt that terrible constriction about the heart that was thrusting upon him the consciousness that he was not the only man within those walls who had an unquestioned faith in the soundness of his own mind.

How long a brain, supplemented by a nervous organism such as Dr. Nerf's, could have harbored this suspicion without dethronement of reason is a metaphysical problem that can be solved by a physical demonstration only, and it was averted in his case by an indomitable will power which enabled him to put into practice the antidotal theories acquired in years of experience and study.

He forced his attention from a comparison of his own situation with that of indisputably insane men and began a conversation with the irresistible Jo, who had been shut off by a kind destiny from any save a jesting view of life. Jo was catching frogs and tossing them into the pool where they already abounded in such quantities and varieties as to make night hideous with their croakings.

"What are you doing?" he asked, with curiosity as to the motive.

"I am adding a few more notes to the orchestra," he replied solemnly; but Dr. Nerf awoke often that night from ugly dreams to have them banished by lonely but cheering laughter, as the concert of the frogs reminded him of Jo's occupation.

In a hospital containing a thousand or more cases of insanity representing almost every phase and degree, Dr. Nerf might have found objects for study and food for thought *ad infinitum*, perhaps *ad nauseam*, and possibly in time to his own mental overthrow, had not—

* * * * *

The occasion was a banquet given in honor of a distinguished foreign guest. Not a member was absent save Dr. Nerf. Whether or not a thought of the absent comrade, behind iron bars and locked in his narrow quarters, crossed their minds in the midst of the gay reveling, while wit and wine flowed, and laughter and brilliant toasts were cut short by clinking glasses, he was remembered for a surety along toward the wee sma' hours when (following the final and universal toast to a flawless evening that was to remain a bright jewel in memory's chain of experiences, a simultaneous toast drunk from a bountiful bowl of skillfully concocted punch) smiling lips were set in pain, and eyes sought eyes with dawning horror, while parched throats gasped the terribly significant word, *Poison*.

Fani Pusey Gooch.

MY FISHER LAD.

“O SAW ye not my fisher lad
At early dawn o’ day,
With net and line and flashing oar,
Far out the rolling bay,
With bonny eye o’ bonny blue,
And fearless cheek and handsome, too,
At early dawn o’ day ?”

“Aye, saw I there a fisher lad
At early dawn o’ day,
But hard he pulled against the wave,
Far out the seething bay.
The fog shut out the sight o’ home,
Wet was his cheek with salt sea foam,
At early dawn o’ day !”

“O saw ye not my fisher lad,
When eventide was nigh,
Come rowing home with net and line
Beneath the muttering sky,
With idle stroke o’ flashing oar,
Toward the rocky, sullen shore,
When eventide was nigh ?”

“Aye, saw I then a fisher lad
When eventide was nigh,
And idle were the flashing oars
Tho’ breakers thundered high.
With cruel, slippery, mocking hands
They flung him dead upon the sands,
When eventide was nigh !”

Marie T. Lanier.





ABOUT OURSELVES.

IN facing the great public—no longer an adverse public—for the second time, FETTER'S SOUTHERN MAGAZINE comes with a smiling face, as one does when he meets a friend. We came to the home and firesides of the people somewhat doubtfully at first, but we were met with the warm hand-grasp and the cordial welcome which showed at once that our coming was not unpleasant, but was hailed in many quarters with delight. Possibly we were mistaken in saying that we did not intend to fill a "long-felt want." We expected to create a want, but it does seem as if the want was waiting for us. Our reception has been kind, beyond what we expected.

The only criticism we have heard of a pessimistic character is that "the magazine is too good for a Southern production; you can not hold it up to that standard." In this idea, of course, lurks to a very great extent the germs of our success or failure. The Southern people have been so long convinced that nothing good could come out of Nazareth, that Boston has become their Jerusalem, and New York their Mecca. When we first put in our appearance, with a spice of audaciousness in our coming, they could hardly believe their eyes. "Why, this is as good as an Eastern magazine," some said. "How do you manage to publish such a magazine in Kentucky?" said others. And it pleases us to know that no one has found it beneath what he expected.

We are publishing this magazine and taking the risk of its success or failure. Not pretending to rival any other publication, we are simply trying to occupy a field of our own, and to reach a constituency and develop a literature not yet reached or developed by our brothers in the business. We do not invite comparison with other magazines, nor do we shrink from it.

We shall go our own way, taking such good fish as come to our net and serving them in such manner as we think would make our cooking palatable. If now and then there is the flavor of a sauce unknown in Boston kitchens, do not be afraid of it—it shall not poison you. The pure life, the gentle, sweet, old-fashioned home life, so dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart, shall be respected, and, while we write with a free hand and a flowing pen, you need not blush at reading any of our words.

Our present number will be found as entertaining as the last. In it you need look for no stimulus to evil thoughts, no soporifics to lull the senses into slumber. There are new people, new ideas, fresh sentiments for your consideration. We have dared to publish what writers unknown to fame have written, hoping that sometime, when we are better known, they will share with us the benefits and pleasures of that consummation. Take their work as we have taken it—upon its merits—and judge it as your better instincts tell you to.

With new strength and new hope we come before our patrons, feeling that they are in touch with us and we with them. Laboring to give them the best thought and the most refining literature, we rejoice to see their ready and heart-felt response to our efforts. As we grow older we hope to grow even better, and in that hope we know that thousands join us.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AND COL. BRECKINRIDGE.

A failure to comprehend one's motives on the part of certain persons is oftentimes the sincerest flattery. There can be no pretense about it, no feigning, no adulation with the hope of profit from the cringing; it is unconscious commendation under the honest guise of a rebuke. We know the sentiment of dislike is a true one, and, understanding its reason, feel proud of it. From this standpoint, a distinguished Kentuckian—Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge—must feel extremely gratified at the attitude recently assumed by the managers of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. While it must be a surprise to him—as it is to us and all other right thinking people—that men occupying so broad a position should be so narrow in their conceptions of duty, yet he can justly take pride in himself that in the breadth of his own integrity he was incapable of even suspecting others of such narrowness.

Col. Breckinridge had been chosen to make the address at the opening of this Exposition, and had accepted the honor—for such unsolicited choice was an honor of which any man might

have been proud. It came without seeking, and was accepted without conditions. It was not coupled with any proviso binding him to pay money for it or to sacrifice any principle of right or justice in order to obtain the place. It was freely given and gratefully accepted. Had it been bought, or offered grudgingly, there would have been no honor in it.

Now it happens, by the grace of God and the votes of the people, that Col. Breckinridge represents the Ashland district of Kentucky in the United States Congress, as Henry Clay and other distinguished men have done before him. And, in passing, we are moved to say that he has not been an unworthy successor to these great predecessors. He has his views upon public questions, and is responsible for those views to his constituency alone. Acting upon his own best judgment as to what is right—modified to some extent, at times, by the wishes and the interests of his people—he speaks and votes. For neither vote nor speech is he responsible to the people of Chicago or the managers of the Columbian Exposition. His God, his conscience, his people should control him, and his sense of right should not be warped by any honors or emoluments bestowed upon him from other sources.

In the exercise of his own judgment, Col. Breckinridge voted against an appropriation of five million dollars to the Exposition. He did not actively oppose it, but when the time came he put himself on record by his vote against it. For this offense the management has put itself in the attitude of hostility toward him, and it is more than intimated that if he does not relieve their embarrassment by resigning the position, he will be politely replaced, and the Hon. Chauncey Depew given the honor which has been tendered to, and accepted by, him.

It is due to Col. Breckinridge that his attitude upon this question should be explained—not indeed by himself, but by some one who understands the reasons for his action. Without his authority, and not recognizing his authority in the matter at all, we shall do so. It is not the individual, however eminent, that we care for, but the principle involved—a principle dear to the Southern people, and therefore eminently proper to be discussed in a Southern magazine.

The thoughtful people of the South have never recognized any power greater than the Constitution. To them there was no "higher law." In the old days they thought of it as a God-given instrument entitled to their veneration because it protected them and their property. And they believed with all their hearts that the powers not therein conferred on the general Government were reserved to the States and the people. As strict construc-

tionists they asked of Congress only such laws as would raise the necessary revenue for general purposes and protect all men in their lives, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. They could not see any clause in the Constitution authorizing Congress to donate the public funds to any private enterprise, or to lend the credit of the nation to other than specified public ends. They did not believe then, they do not believe now, in a "paternal Government." They think that it is better to make laws which will adjust burdens of taxation equitably upon all rather than to subsidize a few at the expense of the many. To them it seems that a contribution or a loan to this Exposition would be without warrant of law, and would be justifiable on the same grounds as assistance by Congress to any man or firm in need of it. It opens the door to the children of the horse-leech, who cry, "Give! Give!" continually. It is wrong in principle, bad in practice.

If Col. Breckinridge did not entertain such ideas he would misrepresent his constituency in the Ashland district, and be false to the best thought of the entire South. If he failed to act up to his belief, he would be unworthy to speak at Chicago, or elsewhere, as a true American; for the manhood of our Revolutionary ancestors would not be in him.

It probably did not occur to him that the invitation to speak at Chicago was intended to influence his vote. Had he been assured of that fact, or had it even been most delicately intimated to him, common decency would have led him to decline the place. The fact that he was not influenced by his kindly feelings is much to his credit. He is a man sensitive to an honor, and rather yielding when flattery is concerned. No man can appreciate a compliment more highly; no man would do more in return for it. In this instance he has voted as he thought best for the principle he represents.

That Mr. Depew would accept the position now is doubtful. It is doubtful to us, who do not know him well. Possibly if we knew him better we should say that he would not accept it at all, for it is not an enviable place when one considers that another man was first chosen, and then ponders upon the reasons why that other man was asked to vacate. It makes of Mr. Depew a second choice, and a bad second choice at that.

It would not be a "bad" second choice, nor even a bad first choice, in any sense derogatory to Mr. Depew's intellect or capacity for speaking. We do not believe that he is the equal of Col. Breckinridge in oratory, but many other people think the reverse, and he is certainly a most finished speaker.

Had Mr. Depew been chosen in the first instance, no man

could have caviled, no man would have doubted that a true American would have shown how, in a superb way, the Western continent could be more than equal to the occasion. Mr. Depew, with the powder of Lexington, and Concord in his veins, was well worthy of the place. The New England Yankee is irrepressible, and had there been a joint debate between him and Breckinridge, the Scotch Covenanter would have shown metal like the sword of Balder.

But all that is out of the question now. Between the two men people may differ in their choice. If Chicago repudiates the man selected because of his vote in Congress, or for any other reason not touching his intellectual or moral status, she will make a great mistake. While Col. Breckinridge is a Kentuckian he represents the South. In this issue his personality is merged, and his statehood is subordinated. And if the idea be emphasized that a man must, in all things, be subordinate to the ruling powers in Chicago before he can accept an invitation from them, then the Exposition loses its national character and becomes a local fair. The State fairs of Georgia or Texas or of Kansas have the same claim on the Government and the same right to an appropriation that the Exposition in Chicago has. And Mr. Ingersoll or Mr. Depew or Col. Breckinridge has a right to speak at either one of these assemblages, when invited, without reference to his religion or his politics. And either one of the three would do ample justice to the occasion.

But, speaking of Col. Breckinridge, it may not be amiss to mention something of his recent loss. In the death of his wife he has met with a sorrow that is irreparable in this world. To his feelings as a man we of course give deference.

It is not usual for monthly magazines to notice the death of those to whom Fame has not come when summoned by the trumpet note of public acclamation. To the true wife and the gentle woman is given, for memory, only the sweet savor of recollection in the hearts of those who loved her. But there be sacred souls to whom Death comes only as the fullness of fruition. There are flowers whose fragrance is not complete until the breath of Heaven kisses them. To such we may give a paltry line or two and ask no pardon of the angels. Upon the grave of one who merits better words these few sentences may lay, and God smile with his sunshine on them. The kind earth holds her body. Heaven gladdens when her shining spirit comes.

It is poor praise that any words can give her. There are men whose names are heralded about the world to whom she reached the helping hand, and made them what they are.

There are others living to whom she gave the kind smile and womanly encouragement. They may be silent, as most of them are. But there are others who loved her as purely as her spotless soul was pure. To them her memory is a benediction now and evermore. There is sweet sleep for her fragile body underneath the bluegrass. There is tender suggestiveness in every violet that blooms above her grave. God has taken her, and blessed be the gates of Heaven that opened gladly at her coming!

Possibly to him—her husband—it matters very little whether he speaks at Chicago or not. Much has gone out of his life—how much no man can tell. If he does speak he will do no discredit to his native land. If he does not speak, it will be no discredit to himself, and no discredit to the South. Let him who takes his place be very certain of his power.

SOMEWHAT POLITICAL.

THERE be politics and politics; and like various other fads which men and women take to, sometimes politics is decent, sometimes it is not. In these United States it has been thought that the blackguard was in his most congenial element when a political campaign furnished him with the necessary enthusiasm, and the committee of his party supplied the sufficient quantity of money and free liquor to keep him properly stimulated. This year it promised to be different.

How far the promise will be kept remains to be seen.

When Mr. Blaine and Mr. Cleveland ran for the presidency the campaign literature was a disgrace to the American people. The sanctity of Mr. Blaine's family was invaded, and Mr. Cleveland was charged with indiscretions while a bachelor. Neither accusation had anything to do with the fitness of the man for the office he sought. If both these charges had been true, thinking men might have considered that angels ran for office only in heaven, and it was simply a matter of charity, to be covered up, when such early lapses from the paths of right were charged against a fallible mortal.

Mr. Blaine's public career is now at an end. He has retired to private life with a reputation which very few men in his country have attained. He has never been president, he never will be president, but, when many men who have held that office are forgotten, Mr. Blaine's name will be printed in large letters across the pages of our history. Daniel Webster and Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun are more familiar to our school-boys

than Polk and Pierce and Van Buren and Buchanan. And, in time, Mr. Blaine will join the category of illustrious names. Faulty and hot-headed, he has lost the hold upon his own party that he should have had, but he can never lose the hold upon the hearts of the American people which his kindliness and magnificent intellect have won for him. He has been the Warwick of Republicanism, and those who detested the principles of his faction loved him as a man and still love him.

The reaction from the cruel attacks upon him, the most picturesque figure in our modern politics, it was thought would put an end to such methods in our canvasses. And with the nominations of this year's conventions, it looked as if decency had come at last. But it seems we were mistaken.

Among the four candidates for the presidency there is, so far as we know, not one who is unworthy of the suffrage of any citizen. The principles of the parties which they represent, and their tendencies, are the things to be considered—not the personality of the men, or the past history of their families. We are divided in opinion upon those principles, but it should not follow that we become blackguards in defense of one of them. There is no advantage to be gained by swearing at the man to whom we are opposed and telling lies about him, or even telling unpleasant truths when we can prove them. There are a large number of gentlemen who vote, and they are not to be influenced by ruffian ways, except by disgust at ruffian methods which may impel them to vote contrary to the wishes of the bums and peelers. We are political without being partisan, and we plead for decency in politics.

There have been very few attacks upon the candidates of the Peoples party, and the Prohibitionists. Most people consider them with that contempt which they think due to side issues and local interests. Yet both these parties are respectable in numbers, and more potent in the result of this campaign than ever before. In the great West, in the North, and in the Central South they are powerful, and may dictate a victory which they can not win. They are honest and earnest in their endeavors, and entitled to fair treatment before and after the election.

Yet these parties really represent side issues and temporary expedients in politics. They are not radical, and organize to meet an expedient rather than an issue. If the whole country were cleared of intoxicants and flooded with free silver, we would yet differ upon lines of statesmanship, just as the two great parties do now. In tradition, in theory, in practice these parties represent two primal American ideas, which are shown more in their instincts than in their platforms.

Of these two parties Mr. Harrison represents one, and represents it in all consistency. To him the Force Bill as applied to the South and the McKinley Bill as forced upon the North are the two great planks beneath the feet of American liberty. Without them his party would look in vain for an issue, and find no excuse for its existence.

And Mr. Cleveland just as fully represents his party. Economy in governmental matters, the rights of the States to manage their own affairs in their own way, strict construction of the Constitution, and a tariff for revenue only are much better crystallized in the personality of Mr. Cleveland than they are expressed in his party's platform. The nomination of either man was an entire platform in itself. He represents ideas which all of us understand, but few of us can express as we understand them.

Between these candidates the fight will be hottest, and is the hottest now although the fight is, as yet, little more than a skirmish. Both of them are men of respectability, against whom none of their neighbors of any political belief would say an unkind word, or could say an unjust one without being contradicted. Faithful in their family relations, constant to church and town meeting, able and trusty in their professional walks of life, it is difficult to find a vulnerable point in the tempered armor of either.

Yet Mr. Cleveland is caricatured as the fat clown, and Mr. Harrison is pictured as the pigmy hidden under his grandfather's hat. Mr. Cleveland is, by no means, a museum freak, and Mr. Harrison—barring his well-portrayed look of self-importance—is not at all a dwarf. Both men are of large calibre, mentally, and morally, pure and clean.

But Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Reid come in for more than their share of obloquy. Because the *Tribune* has been at outs with the printer's union, and because Mr. Reid is its chief editor and owner, he is abused as an enemy of organized labor. Very foolishly, he secured what purports to be an endorsement from a labor union in New York, and has made his office a union office to gain votes. He repents at a very late day. Honest and intelligent laboring men understand very well that politics does not enter into business methods. The capitalist is mainly for himself—were he not he never could become a millionaire—and had Mr. Reid belonged to either of the four parties he would not have hesitated to fight the labor union if fighting it could bring him two dollars where he had only made one before. And if he could gain a coveted honor by compromising with the union, his ambition would conquer his avarice to the extent that he valued that honor.

In the case of Mr. Stephenson the abuse is different. He is paraded as a "copperhead" and pictured as a serpent gliding about among the graves of Union soldiers, on whose tombstones are inscribed the battlefields where the Union armies were victorious. The artist very kindly refrains from associating snakes with the graveyards filled by Confederate victories. But the idea and the intent are the same, and the "bloody shirt" is brought forth again. These short-sighted people think that to "fire the Northern heart" means in all cases a Republican victory. They forget that with every picture of that sort, they draw hundreds and thousands of Southern voters from the Alliance and the Prohibitionists, and do not win a single Northern Democrat to the fold. From a partisan standpoint the Democrats should encourage this method of campaigning on the part of their opponents. It will be the most potent factor in their victory—if they win it. It will certainly defeat Mr. Harrison if the election is thrown into the House.

But from the outlook of an American citizen such conduct of a campaign is unworthy of our people, and a disgrace to our progress as a nation. There are issues plainly presented, and to be voted for presumably by intelligent and respectable people. The men nominated represent those issues fully. Let those issues predominate, and let us cease calling our opponents liars and horse thieves.

ABOUT SOME OF OUR ARTICLES.

WE publish in this issue a very strong and able article from an Irishman, on "The Irish Case."

Of course it is not the purpose or province of this magazine to endorse the ideas of its contributors. They must speak for themselves, and, when written with ability and decency, we shall be glad to give place to any discussion of current questions.

Last month Mr. Kaufman gave us an excellent article on the Jew. This month we expected another from him, but an unfortunate accident to his hand has prevented him from writing it in time. Those who dislike his article may have opportunity, if they wish it, to respond. We can trust him to take care of himself.

And so it is with this article on "The Irish Case." Its writer is a well-known Irishman who can take care of his own head in any sort of literary Donnybrook Fair.

We do not pretend to understand the Irish question, and we doubt if anybody does. From O'Connell to Parnell there has

been a constant agitation in that unhappy country which somehow, and in some way, has resulted in a betterment of the people. Much that has been done was wrong and ill-judged, and it will continue to be so until an Irishman has the same status in the British empire as a Scotchman or a Welshman. He must either have this or absolute independence.

How this change is to be brought about, we can not say. Certainly not by amalgamation of races or religion. The Irish are a peculiar people; unite them with any other race, and the Irish element predominates, and, as for their religion, however defective they may be in conforming to it, they would rather die in the church than to live to renounce one of its doctrines. Maybe if they were allowed to worship God as they chose, and to transact their own business in their own way, there would be no "Irish Case" to write about.

We also give our readers a short story, "The Verdict in the Case of Dr. Nerf," by Fani Pusey Gooch, which will be read with great interest by those who secure a copy of FETTER'S SOUTHERN MAGAZINE. It is very remarkable in its treatment of a recondite subject, and the accuracy with which it refers to things known, presumably, to the medical fraternity alone.

In our next issue we will begin a continued story by the same author, more intense than this one, and even more accurate in its references to scientific—especially psychological—subjects. Our mission originally was to discover new writers. In Mrs. Gooch we have found one. It is inconceivable to us that such stories could be written by one so little known to fame, and if the editor were a Spiritualist he would say that she wrote them "under the control" of the late Dr. Bell of Louisville, or Dr. Pancoast of Philadelphia. Further we speak not, now—let our readers judge.

We can also promise our readers in our November number—the October issue being already made up—a sketch of the Hon. Jere Black from the pen of that most cultivated man, and most intimate friend of Mr. Black, ex-Governor J. Proctor Knott. This will be illustrated by a drawing and a medallion, both produced by Governor Knott himself.

So Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian, even the dwellers in Mesopotamia and Bohemia, may find pabulum fit for their betterment in the pages of FETTER'S SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.



CONDUCTED BY ANGELE CRIPPEN.

IT IS SEPTEMBER.

"Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-bird whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies."

Along a country road, by a little stream, two women are riding in a dog-cart. The woman who holds the reins is tall, rather stout, and has decision in every line of her face. She is older than her companion, who is slender, under medium size, and wears eye-glasses.

Said the latter, with a little sigh, "Summer is gone, and it will soon be time to go back to the city. Then come the melancholy days when one must be buying new clothes. I really dread the ordeal. Do not you, Margaret?"

"I would not mind," replied Margaret, giving the horse a little touch of the whip, "if it were not for the skirmishes with the dressmakers. If I could buy a gown and have it made the way I wished, I would enjoy the process. But that is almost one of the impossibles. An average dressmaker has not an idea beyond a Parisian fashion-plate. If a certain mode is a whim of the hour, then she wishes all women to adopt it, regardless of age, size or complexion."

"Still there is a great change in that respect the last few years," said Alice.

"Oh, yes, indeed. Already there are women in New York, Chicago and other cities who are taking up the profession of costume designing. I think some women brought the idea from abroad. In Rome and Paris there is a number of poor artists who must do something to keep the pot boiling while they wait for tardy fame, and they are not above selling ideas for costumes to ladies who can afford to pay for them. Sometimes one will copy a dress from an old picture (with modifications to suit

the wearer), sometimes the costume will be suggested by a careful study of the purchaser's physical peculiarities. Then a clever dressmaker takes the illustration and works it out."

"But we do not all live in Rome and Paris," said Alice, "so that way of doing availeth us not."

"But this is my thought in regard to the matter," replied Margaret. "There are many girls in our towns and cities who have a little artistic talent that is not genius, that they wish to express. You know yourself what monstrous things are done in the name of art, what daubs of pictures that are a weariness to the beholder, what decorative monstrosities that are only fit to breed nightmares. We see these things constantly, and have learned to endure and even kindly tolerate them. But now suppose some of these girls used this talent for the benefit of womankind. Suppose they studied pictures of costumes and learned to make really good illustrations of gowns instead of bad landscapes, or worse pictures of people, and then were not too proud to see these ideas worked out, think what a boon it would be to womankind, as well as a help to the girls themselves. This field is white with the harvest. Would that the laborers would enter it! Some one told me the other day of a girl in New York who has turned her attention to artistic millinery. The customer tells her the price she wishes to pay and the costumes with which the bonnet is to be worn, and the milliner does the rest. Women out of the cities send their photographs and give her what information is necessary in the selection of the bonnet, and she is sure to send them something becoming and tasteful."

"And as a pursuit, this designing would be preferable to many things a woman is obliged to do if she is a bread winner."

"Why, of course. And then think what a blessing it would be if every community had some one in its midst who was capable of turning out things really fit to wear."

"You are enthusiastic, Margaret," said Alice, smiling. "I believe you are as interested in dress-design as I am in regard to my complexion. I confess to you that 'How to Improve the Complexion' has been the burning question of the times to me. I have wasted my substance on dermatologists, no two of whom agree as to the proper way of treatment. I have bought every book that I heard of pertaining to the subject, and eagerly pored over the columns in the newspapers that were given up to women's frivolities. Pray do not think I have tried every thing I heard of, but I would scarcely like to confess all the remedies for blemishes that I have used."

"Well, what have you concluded regarding the different methods?"

"After long research, and patient investigation, as the scientists say, I have decided that hot water baths and plenty of sleep will do wonders. Mrs. Langtry takes a hot water bath every morning and so do I. But in her case the newspapers tell of it, and in mine, do not. I have found it more beneficial than all the cold creams and other nostrums ever used. You know so much is now said relative to steaming the face, and it is claimed this will accomplish miracles in the way of removing blemishes. But it should not be forgotten that this, alone, will cause eruptions. The body has pores, as well as the face, and they must be kept open by the same process."

"It stands to reason that the external remedies so lavishly advertised will be of small use without one does something to put the system in better order, and I suppose hot water and sleep stand for relaxation and rest. Nervous, tired and overworked women need both."

Alice nodded her head by way of reply.

The road took a sharp turn at this juncture and passed through a grove of trees. It was a lovely spot, with the tangled growth of the woodbine about tree trunks, showing here and there a scarlet leaf that was a harbinger of the autumn glory soon to come.

They rode along silently for a little way, when Alice said, "Margaret, does it ever occur to you that, perhaps we women give too much thought to dress and kindred matters? You know we constantly hear men talking of the vanity of women."

"My dear, a man's opinion on this subject isn't worth a straw. First, because he will always be inconsistent; second, he doesn't quite know what he is talking about, and, third, he is just as vain as a woman, and therefore has no right to criticize."

"In regard to a man's inconsistency, you will probably hear him air theories on the dress question which no one would more quickly see the ridiculousness of if carried into practice than he would himself. Furthermore, a man, under any and every circumstance, other things being equal, will be predisposed strongly in favor of a well-dressed woman."

"Concerning his ignorance of the matter, how can he judge of circumstances in which he never was, or can be placed? I suppose you can readily see that no man was ever a woman, so it will always be impossible for him to see things from her standpoint."

"Now, about the vanity; oh, my friend, men are as vain as women. Did you ever see a man pass a looking-glass without he looked at himself—usually with complacence, and he is just as concerned about the fit of his coat as a woman is about her

gown. I tell you the words George Eliot put in the mouth of old Mrs. Poyser express the whole matter exactly. Said she, 'God made the women silly to match the men.'

"Oh, yes, and don't you remember the old beau in Daudet's novel 'The Nabob,' who would let no one see him in the morning till his valet had made up his face? Could any woman's vanity exceed that?" said Alice.

"It is all right for the men to be that way, bless their hearts. I am not condemning them, I only want to make this point, viz.: that it doesn't make a particle of difference what they say about women's affairs. Of course, you must not tell them this, Alice; you must listen to what they have to say in the most deferential manner—and then go on and do as you like. By this means you please yourself and them, too. As Punch popularly remarks, 'That is the way to do it.'"

NOTES.

Yellow and gray rule the hour as a color combination. There is nothing can equal it just now in point of popularity.

In the beginning of the season chamois leather was used to an absurd extent to trim gowns and bonnets, and was combined with lace in a very eccentric way.

There is always a reason for these absurdities, and somebody discovered why chamois skin was forced into prominence as a decoration when it was so obviously a thing misplaced. That reason was because of its color. Yellow in ornamentation stands for gold, which is supposed to bring out color and outline. That is why it is used to border other colors. Hence the rage for yellow, which has superseded the leather. The peculiar chamois tint has been found to combine with gray better than anything.

Skirts are open on one side or down the middle of the front breadth to show a glimpse of it, and sleeves are slashed with it. Any way it can be used on gray is popular.

A yachting costume just completed for a New York woman is of blue serge with an Eton jacket, with an inside waist of chamois-colored ladies' cloth, with jabots falling out each side from the jacket front. A blue sailor hat and chamois-skin gloves and shoes were to be worn with the costume.

The colors of this season are quite fancifully named. For instance, there is "parched sand," "washed sand," and "golden sand," according to the degree of yellow contained.

A grayish pink is called "ashes of rose." "Dead rose" is tinged with yellow, and a lustreless tone is called "crushed rose."

Plum color is gaining in popularity. Green is still much worn. So is a yellowish brown, and heliotrope maintains its prestige.

No woman's toilette is complete without an Eton jacket. They are dressy, jaunty, becoming, and increasing in popularity every day.

Shoes grow more and more conspicuous. They are worn of all shades and hues, and in some cases are stitched with gilt or some contrasting color. Gold and jeweled buttons are worn on high boots. Of course these are detachable, and can be worn with different pairs of shoes.

Kanka crape is something new in the way of fabrics. It is a striped material, white with rose, lavender, or pale blue. It is stiffer than the crepons that are so popular at present.

The new slippers are trimmed with large bows of ribbon. A pointed piece comes up over the instep. There are eyelets in the sides of the shoes, through which ribbon is passed and tied in a bow over the pointed lapel. If desired, the shoes can be black and the ribbon of a color that matches the gown. Black satin ribbon is considered in better taste, however.

A heliotrope gown of almost any material, and ivory lace, combine well in a toilette. The waist must have a ruffle of the lace that falls over the shoulders, and comes down to the belt in front and behind, the neck filled in with lace, and the cuffs of the sleeves covered with it.

Huge stripes in black and white running across the material are seen. They are quite popular at present, but are not of a style that will be adopted for any length of time. They are too conspicuous.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DOROTHY.—It would be difficult to speak of any one way of making sleeves as the most stylish. In this part of the garment caprice rules the hour. Many of the sleeves are made with close-fitting cuffs from the elbow down, with the upper part falling in loose puffs from the shoulder.

There is also a return to the fashion of having the sleeves

come only to the elbow, with a fall of lace below. This is a fashion only for women with pretty arms. Some gowns have elbow sleeves and then some thin, white material, black net, or even silk sleeves of some contrasting material, come down to the wrist. If these short sleeves are ever worn on the street the arms must be covered by long gloves.

JUVENILE.—A girl of your age should wear her hair in a catogan braid, tied with a bow of ribbon. Brush the hair back smoothly from off your forehead, if you prefer, though a light fringe of hair is more becoming. See to it, though, that this bang is not heavy.

SCHOOL GIRL.—You should certainly not accept presents from a man who is not a relative. It does not make any difference what the custom is where you live. There is no community so pastoral where the usages of good society are not binding.

MRS. S.—It is ridiculous for society to be given into the hands of boys and girls. It is a purely American custom, and does not obtain any longer in this country, only in provincial places. Make an attempt to inaugurate a different state of affairs in your own town. Men and women who have thought, lived, experienced, should have social matters in their own hands—not crude boys and girls who are grossly ignorant—unless society is merely a matching market, where people only go for the purpose of getting married.

KATIE.—I do not know anything about the wash you speak of. If you want a good complexion, live healthfully. Be careful of your diet, let sweetmeats alone, avoid pastry, take plenty of exercise, sleep in a well ventilated room and take frequent hot-water baths.

YOUNG WIFE.—If your husband is as irritable as you say it is certainly a calamity. Perhaps you, yourself, lack patience. Nothing is ever gained, in a case like that, by anger. It only adds fuel to the flame. Try what patience will do. A sweet temper will win any one in time.

DOLLY.—If your means are limited, why do you try to entertain people elaborately? Some simple form of hospitality would be just as enjoyable for your friends, and would be no strain on you.

A SOUTHERN GIRL.—It would be impossible to lay down any definite rules regarding the manner you are to adopt in

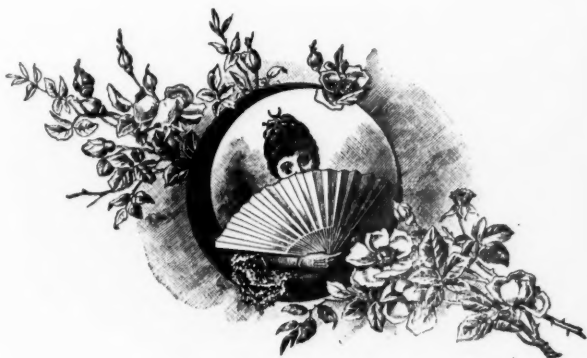
society. But you had better be your own sweet, girlish self. Do not try to affect anything. Whatever you are, be natural. A man who has seen much of the best European society tells me that the charm of many "great" (socially) ladies is their exquisite simplicity. It is only people who are not thoroughly well-bred who attempt to put on airs.

QUEENIE.—If you love the man, if you are both of a suitable age to marry, if he can take care of you, and has proposed, why in the name of common sense do you not tell him *yes* frankly? No true woman ought to thus play with a heart. A man will not value your love more by this hanging back. He never forgets it. Browning says from this cause

"Two lives join, and there is oft a scar." *

M. L. S.—You can order goods from almost any large establishment in a city C. O. D. But you can easily ascertain by writing.

NOTE.—The editor of this department invites letters of inquiry. They will receive careful attention.





A bell that makes no noise—a dumb-bell.

“‘Tis but a little faded flour,” is what the tramp said when the lady handed him a stale biscuit.

A base ball pitcher is often broke, but holds more beer than any other sort.

BORROWED FOR THE OCCASION.

HIRAM SYLVESTER.—Look how that man Henderson struts. He has an air like he owned the earth.

NED CURT.—Humph! He doesn't even own the air.

THE LAUGH DIES OUT.

FUNNY MAN.—I'm getting so that I can write jokes right along.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Yes, you write 'em too blamed long—that what's the matter with 'em.

JOHN BRUISER.—That little man Thompson knocked four men down at the Dutch picnic yesterday; I was never so surprised in my life.

JIM CORBITT.—Well, you needn't have been; you know he was a railroad conductor for five years and the superintendent told me he beat any man knocking down he ever saw.

BUT HE DOESN'T FALL LIGHT.

When a man drops from a balloon he falls through the sky light.

The expression "You are talking through your hat" was first used by Mr. Blaine to Mr. Harrison.

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Belford.—You don't seem to get along with your wife. What's the matter, old boy?

Lippincott.—Well, she's always shooting off her mouth.

Belford.—You can stop that easy enough. Next time just shoot it off for her.

POOR BUT PROUD.

MISS TWELVE.—Your family never have anything new over at your house, do they?

MISS ELEVEN.—Yes, we do too; my brother had the pneumonia last month and my sister has the neuralgia right now.

RING OFF.

"Give me the Treasury, please," he cried,
To a maid with dark-brown curl;

"I'll do it with pleasure, sir," she replied,
For she was a telephone girl.

—(*Washington Star*.)

Of course the Treasury was naught to her
If she wore a "dark-brown curl."

But if she said "with pleasure, sir,"
She was not a telephone girl.

—(*New York Sun*.)

She'd be much more apt to strike you dumb,

As you must surely allow,

While she stopped a moment chewing her gum,

By remarking, "Busy now."

—(*Chicago Herald*.)

Oh! mock not at the telephone girl;

With tongue you should not lash her;

I know what you are mad about,

You tried but couldn't mash her.

BASE BALL AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

The devil was the first coacher—he coached Eve when she stole first—Adam stole second.

When Isaac met Rebecca at the well she was walking with a pitcher.

Samson struck out a great many times when he beat the Philistines.

Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptian.

Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel.

Abraham made a sacrifice.

The Prodigal son made a home-run.

David was a great long distance thrower.

Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red sea.

Pete Browning made a base hit in '76.

MR. HOUSEOWNER.—My dear! What do you suppose was the matter with that boy next door? Last night I heard him screaming and cursing at the top of his voice.

MRS. HOUSEOWNER.—Why darling! He wasn't cursing—you know his mother used to be a telephone girl and she connected him with stealing her jam and was switching him off—he was shouting "Hell O! Hell O! Hell O!" because he didn't want to be cut off entirely. He told me when he examined himself in the woodshed, that he found the lines were crossed.

EARLY SETTLERS.

The first man and woman, of whom we have any account, that came to this country were Adam and Eve. It is not known what their family name was, but that they were foreigners there is no doubt. Their nationality has never been the subject of bitter discussion. They have not been claimed by the English or Germans or French or Irish. Darwin had a tale on them that they were monkeys. This is generally discredited, although Adam carried a tale at the time they ate their first apple. It is not reasonable to suppose that if they were monkeys that they would ever have cared even a fig whether they wore clothes or not. Adam was the most remarkable man of his

time, and the most original man that has ever lived. He never did anything that he had seen any other man do. He carried this characteristic to such an extent that he might have been called a crank on the subject. He was nothing if not original. His character was simple and straightforward. He was moral in his habits, and always told the naked truth. He moved in the first circle of society, but had none of the vices that characterize many of the people of that class now-a-days. He neither drank, smoked cigarettes, chewed tobacco, bet on horse-races, nor stayed out late with the boys.

While he was a large real estate owner he did not pay his taxes, and, like Queen Victoria, was never known to give up a cent. He was the only man who ever owned the earth, although the express company which he founded, and which still bears his name, owns a large portion of it. The greatest fault that the historian can find in his character was his exclusiveness, but, under the circumstances, this was perhaps pardonable.

Eve, Adam's wife, was a more remarkable personage even than Adam. Without any education to speak of, she attained great celebrity as the first female lecturer to men only. She was the acknowledged leader of her set, and, like the President's wife, was the first lady of the land. She was very amiable, and, aside from the one time she raised Cain, and her uncontrollable love for apples, she displayed but few faults. It is true that she did not darn Adam's socks or sew buttons on his trousers, but it is a debatable question at the present time whether or not these are a part of the duties of a good wife. Eve could not properly be classed as a fashionable woman (except at the sea shore), but she belonged to our oldest and most exclusive families, and was the originator of the costume worn by the fashionable ladies of the present day known as décolleté. She also first used the expression, "I have nothing to wear," which has been used by hundreds of billions of her daughters since. Every head of a family will recognize it. He has been struck with it.

This celebrated couple, although they died many years ago, are still talked about by our oldest inhabitants. They left such a large number of relations that no man has ever been seen that was not some kin to them.

George Griffith Fetter.



CAUTIOUS CONSIDERATION.

Servant.—"Be ye ov a jealous timperament, mum?"

Lady (with a cold stare).—"Why do you ask?"

Servant (applying for situation).—"Cause if yez be, no money would tempt me ter cum, fur I niver want to make trouble betwane man and woife."

TIMELY PRECAUTIONS.

LANDLORD OF SEASIDE HOTEL.—"Where are the young ladies this morning?"

HEAD WAITER.—"They are out on the water killing a shark."

"Killing a shark? That's a curious pastime for young ladies."

"It's a man-eating shark, you know, and they're afraid he'll get hold of the only man that's here."—*N. Y. Press.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

FOUR YEARS IN REBEL CAPITALS. By T. C. De Leon. From Gossip Printing Co., Mobile, Ala.—“My dear boy,” cried Riccaboece kindly, “the only one thing sure and tangible to which these writers would lead you lies at the first step and that is commonly called a revolution. Now I know what that is. I have gone, not indeed through a revolution, but an attempt at one.”

So dear old Ricca talks to his wise pupil, Leonard, and tells him of the fearful chances the revolutionist must face. He goes on to say, most gravely, “And recalling now the evil passions it arouses, all the blood that it commands to flow, all the healthful industry it arrests, all the madmen that it arms, all the victims that it dupes, I question whether one man really honest, pure, and humane, who has ever gone through such an ordeal would hazard it again, unless he was assured that the victory was certain, ay, and the object for which he fights not to be wrested from his hands amidst the uproar of the elements that the battle has released.”

After which sage speech the learned old Italian, the profound pupil of the great Macchiavelli, tells his eager listener of Utopias dreamed of under the shadow of the axe; of mythical republics vainly believed to be true; of an Atlantis, fabled island of the Greeks, where liberty was dying out before the new tyrannies of the East and West; of a Reign of Reason hoped for and expected, and said to be at hand, when madness let loose, when the gentlest blood of France flowed to make a Robespierre and a Danton safe on their usurped thrones; when terror ruled and wickedness gloried in victory. The mountain may be leveled. But it is easier to climb over the mountain, most frequently, than to level it.

Our attempt at revolution failed. So it became rebellion. Mr. De Leon is to be thanked for calling his book “Four Years in Rebel Capitals.” I think that the name rebel will be accepted by history as the just one for the Southern man or woman who thought Lee right and Grant wrong. I like the word. There is an honest sound about it. No one need be ashamed of it. What were we but rebels? The old Government seemed unjust to us. We wanted a new one. We fought hard to get what we wanted, and we failed. Did we take the old Government with us? I think not. To be sure we had our States, our commonwealths; but even the strictest constructionist of the school of secession—which school is not dead but sleepeth—shows that when the States met to form a new compact it was to do away with the old whose power they were defying, whose rights they were denying, whose death they were desiring. The great central power of the old union had grown to be a national one. Rightly or wrongly the national idea had become to dominate the new States, even as it had its birth in the old States with the birth of the constitution.

A loosely drawn instrument, which its authors sent forth as the highest law in our land with fear and trembling, proved too small for the nation that it held together in misfitting bonds. In it were the seeds of disease. Secession lurked in the heart of the constitution, although the best of its authors wished nationality and not Statehood. Then, when the fight for secession came, what was it if not rebellion? It was an effort after new national life. It was a nation in embryo battling for birth out of the womb of the mother State. But parturition was premature, and the child of such splendid hopes died a-borning. It was not to perpetuate old principles, but to establish new ones that the States went out in '61. It was for self-government that they fought. It was against foreign interference with local institutions and affairs that they contended. It was for individual liberty made manifest in the liberty of the community that sent Virginia, reluctant though she was, to the Confederacy. Her natural place was elsewhere. Her commerce was North. Her heart was South. She had nothing to gain by secession; everything to lose by Southern affiliation. Truer than she was wise she declined to give aid against the seceded States, and could not remain neutral. She became a rebel State, and her wisest men knew that the issue was one that all rebels must face.

Rebellion is not treason. Therefore when the Rebellion was crushed there was no treason to punish. The South had exercised the divine right of any people, few or many, to strive after national existence. The national desire is instinctive. We dwell in communities and have local laws and live as little nations under the protection of a greater one. To strive after a new nationality is not treason. To wear the nation's livery, and to bear the nation's flag and then to plot against the nation's

BOOK REVIEWS.

power—that is treason. So we were rebels, and we accept the name, and wear it proudly. We wanted our own Government. We failed to obtain it by war. We could not level the mountain, but we have climbed over it. And again "we are in our father's house," where we find the Government to be our own,—greater than our fathers dreamt that it would be, grander than the world has ever seen. The rebels are as one with their old enemies, and the memories of the splendors of victory and the grief of defeat bring neither boasting nor shame. No Rebellion was ever fought more nobly. None was ever defeated more kindly. History will deal fairly, as it always does, with those days. History writes itself. Much that is foolish has been said in the last few years about the South's need of a history. She will have one in due time. Perhaps some unborn foreigner will come to us with eyes undimmed by prejudice, and heart untouched by partisan sympathy, and he will tell the story of our nation's life. The South has no history apart from that of the North. Nor has the North a story which is untinged by the sweet influence of the South. Our nation's history will be told some day as a whole. Not in detached periods, which lose their proper perspective when looked at alone. But altogether, North and South and West and East, from the days when the white man first tried to found his new home in Virginia, on through the growing greatness of our nation, until the times not yet here when greatness undreamt of, power almost supreme, splendors almost the work of magic, make this people the fulfilment of human hopes and the promise of a universe yet unseen.

Mr. DeLeon has done a grateful deed for the historian of our nation. Just such facts as he has told so gracefully are what will show the future American the true life of the rebels in their camps, at their desolate homes, and in the halls of their ruler. All that he tells must be true, for it has the color of truth. We who were there with him know that it is all true. Much of it is told as by an artist. Perhaps the value of his work is lost sight of by reason of the very lightness and force of his manner of speech. Some of his narrative is poetic. Some of it must remain as the best so far of the personal recollections of that day. He has no men of fancy. They are all just as they were known to be. His account of the seven days' fighting around Richmond, and of the awful terrors which dominated every home there, is quite touching. His flash-light style of showing the salient features in a campaign as he goes from point to point in his story is delightful. The book bears careful reading—if you can help the tears that will blind your eyes if perchance you were a rebel. You can open the book where you will and you will find a page of charming interest.

Mr. DeLeon forbears much criticism of the weaknesses of the rebel government. He touches upon the singular failure of Mr. Davis or Beauregard to press on to Washington after the Bull Run or Manassas victory. Other military blunders he mentions casually. The book has local value, because it preserves such names as George Bayley, the gentle humorist; Willis Meyers, Page McCarty, Harry Stanton, and others whom to think of is to recall wit, humor, splendid courage, true friendship and chivalrous lives.



it
We
in
an
he
of
on
ill
is
be
ith
he
of
ce
in
ut
an
of
ost
of

ch
ue
eir
ere
he
n-
far
as
nd,
his
int
elp
en

nt.
to
he
as
on,
nd-



Drawn by Carolus Brenner.

· A RAINY DAY.